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EMMELINE,
THE
ORPHAN of the CASTLE.



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ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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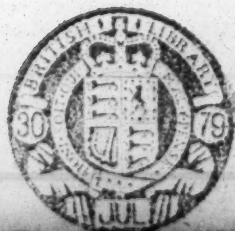
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EMMELINE,

THE

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

IN a remote part of the county of Pembroke, is an old building, formerly of great strength, and inhabited for centuries by the ancient family of Mowbray; to the sole remaining branch of which it still belonged, tho' it was, at the time this history commences, inhabited only by servants; and the greater part of it was gone to decay. A few rooms only had been occasionally

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repaired

repaired to accommodate the proprietor, when he found it necessary to come thither to receive his rents, or to inspect the condition of the estate; which however happened so seldom, that during the twelve years he had been master of it, he had only once visited the castle for a few days. The business that related to the property round it (which was very considerable) was conducted by a steward grown grey in the service of the family, and by an attorney from London, who came to hold the courts. And an old housekeeper, a servant who waited on her, the steward, and a labourer who was kept to look after his horse and work in that part of the garden which yet bore the vestige of cultivation, were now all its inhabitants; except a little girl, of whom the housekeeper had the care, and who was believed to be the natural daughter of that elder brother, by whose death Lord Montreville, the present possessor, became entitled to the estate.

This nobleman, while yet a younger son, was (by the partiality of his mother, who
had

had been an heiress, and that of some other female relations) master of a property nearly equal to what he inherited by the death of his brother, Mr. Mowbray.

He had been originally designed for the law; but in consequence of being entitled to the large estate which had been his mother's, and heir, by will, to all her opulent family, he had quitted that profession, and at the age of about four and twenty, had married Lady Eleonore Delamere, by whom he had a son and two daughters.

The illustrious family from which Lady Eleonore descended, became extinct in the male line by the premature death of her two brothers; and her Ladyship becoming sole heiress, her husband took the name of Delamere; and obtaining one of the titles of the lady's father, was, at his death, created Viscount Montreville. Mr. Mowbray died before he was thirty, in Italy; and Lord Montreville, on taking possession of Mowbray Castle, found there his infant daughter.

Her mother had died soon after her birth; and she had been sent from France, where

she was born, and put under the care of Mrs. Carey, the housekeeper, who was tenderly attached to her, having been the attendant of Mr. Mowbray from his earliest infancy.

Lord Montreville suffered her to remain in the situation in which he found her, and to go by the name of Mowbray: he allowed for the trifling charge of her board and necessary cloaths in the steward's account, the examination of which was for some years the only circumstance that reminded him of the existence of the unfortunate orphan.

With no other notice from her father's family, Emmeline had attained her twelfth year; an age at which she would have been left in the most profound ignorance, if her uncommon understanding, and unwearied application, had not supplied the deficiency of her instructors and conquered the disadvantages of her situation.

Mrs. Carey could indeed read with tolerable fluency, and write an hand hardly legible: and Mr. Williamson, the old steward, had been formerly a good penman,
and

and was still a proficient in accounts. Both were anxious to give their little charge all the instruction they could: but without the quickness and attention she shewed to whatever they attempted to teach, such preceptors could have done little.

Emmeline had a kind of intuitive knowledge; and comprehended every thing with a facility that soon left her instructors behind her. The precarious and neglected situation in which she lived, troubled not the innocent Emmeline. Having never experienced any other, she felt no uneasiness at her present lot; and on the future she was not yet old enough to reflect.

Mrs. Carey was to her in place of the mother she had never known; and the old steward, she was accustomed to call father. The death of this venerable servant was the first sorrow Emmeline ever felt: returning late one evening, in the winter, from a neighbouring town, he attempted to cross a ford, where the waters being extremely out, he was caried down by the rapidity of the current. His horse was drowned; and

tho' he was himself rescued from the flood by some peasants who knew him, and carried to the castle, he was so much bruised, and had suffered so much from cold, that he was taken up speechless, and continued so for the few hours he survived the accident.

Mrs. Carey, who had lived in the same house with him near forty years, felt the sincerest concern at his death; with which it was necessary for her immediately to acquaint Lord Montreville.

His Lordship directed his attorney in London to replace him with another; to whom Mrs. Carey, with an aching heart, delivered the keys of the steward's room and drawers.

Her health, which was before declining, received a rude shock from the melancholy death of Mr. Williamson; and she and her little ward had soon the mortification of seeing he was forgotten by all but themselves.

Frequent and severe attacks of the gout now made daily ravages in the constitution of Mrs. Carey; and her illness recurred so often,

often, that Emmeline, now almost fourteen, began to reflect on what she should do, if Mrs. Carey died: and these reflections occasionally gave her pain. But she was not yet of an age to consider deeply, or to dwell long on gloomy subjects. Her mind, however, gradually expanded, and her judgment improved: for among the deserted rooms of this once noble edifice, was a library, which had been well furnished with the books of those ages in which they had been collected. Many of them were in black letter; and so injured by time, that the most indefatigable antiquary could have made nothing of them.

From these, Emmeline turned in despair to some others of more modern appearance; which, tho' they also had suffered from the dampness of the room, and in some parts were almost effaced with mould, were yet generally legible. Among them, were Spencer and Milton, two or three volumes of the Spectator, an old edition of Shakespeare, and an odd volume or two of Pope.

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These,

These, together with some tracts of devotion, which she knew would be very acceptable to Mrs. Carey, she cleaned by degrees from the dust with which they were covered, and removed into the housekeeper's room; where the village carpenter accommodated her with a shelf, on which, with great pride of heart, she placed her new acquisitions.

The dismantled windows, and broken floor of the library, prevented her continuing there long together: but she frequently renewed her search, and with infinite pains examined all the piles of books, some of which lay tumbled in heaps on the floor, others promiscuously placed on the shelves, where the swallow, the sparrow, and the daw, had found habitations for many years: for as the present proprietor had determined to lay out no more than was absolutely necessary to keep one end of the castle habitable, the library, which was in the most deserted part of it, was in a ruinous state, and had long been entirely forsaken.

Emmeline,

Emmeline, however, by her unwearied researches, nearly completed several sets of books, in which instruction and amusement were happily blended. From them she acquired a taste for poetry, and the more ornamental parts of literature; as well as the grounds of that elegant and useful knowledge, which, if it rendered not her life happier, enabled her to support, with the dignity of conscious worth, those undeserved evils with which many of her years were embittered.

Mrs. Carey, now far advanced in life, found her infirmities daily increase. She was often incapable of leaving her chamber for many weeks; during which Emmeline attended her with the solicitude and affection of a daughter; scorned not to perform the most humble offices that contributed to her relief; and sat by her whole days, or watched her whole nights, with the tenderest and most unwearied assiduity.

On those evenings in summer, when her attendance could for a few hours be dispensed with, she delighted to wander among

the rocks that formed the bold and magnificent boundary of the ocean, which spread its immense expanse of water within half a mile of the castle. Simply dressed, and with no other protection than Providence, she often rambled several miles into the country, visiting the remote huts of the shepherds, among the wildest mountains.

During the life of Mrs. Mowbray, a small stipend had been annually allowed for the use of the poor: this had not yet been withdrawn; and it now passed thro' the hands of Mrs. Carey, whose enquiries into the immediate necessities of the cottagers in the neighbourhood of the castle, devolved to Emmeline, when she was herself unable to make them.

The ignorant rustics, who had seen Emmeline grow up among them from her earliest infancy, and who now beheld her with the compassion as well as the beauty of an angel, administering to their necessities and alleviating their misfortunes, looked upon her as a superior being, and throughout the country she was almost adored.

Perfectly

Perfectly unconscious of those attractions which now began to charm every other eye, Emmeline had entered her sixteenth year; and the progress of her understanding was equal to the improvement of her person; which, tho' she was not perfectly handsome, could not be beheld at first without pleasure, and which the more it was seen became more interesting and engaging.

Her figure was elegant and graceful; somewhat exceeding the middling height. Her eyes were blue; and her hair brown. Her features not very regular; yet there was a sweetness in her countenance, when she smiled, more charming than the effect of the most regular features could have given. Her countenance, open and ingenuous, expressed every emotion of her mind: it had assumed rather a pensive cast; and tho' it occasionally was lighted up by vivacity, had been lately frequently overclouded; when the sufferings of her only friend called forth all the generous sympathy of her nature.

And now the first severe misfortune she had known was about to overtake her. Early in the spring of that year, which was the sixteenth from her birth, Mrs. Carey had felt an attack of the gout, which however was short; and her health seemed for some time afterwards more settled than it had been for many months. She was one evening preparing to go down to the village, leaning on the arm of Emmeline, when she suddenly complained of an acute pain in her head, and fell back into a chair. The affrighted girl called for assistance, and endeavoured by every means in her power to recover her, but it was impossible; the gout had seized her head; and casting on Emmeline a look which seemed to express all she felt at leaving her thus desolate and friendless, her venerable friend, after a short struggle, breathed her last.

What should Emmeline now do? In this distress (the first she had ever known) how should she act? She saw, in the lifeless corps before her, the person on whom she had, from her first recollection, been accustomed

accustomed to rely ; who had provided for all her wants, and prevented every care for herself. And now she was left to perform for this dear friend the last sad offices, and knew not what would hereafter be her own lot.

In strong and excellent understandings there is, in every period of life, a force which distress enables them to exert, and which prevents their sinking under the pressure of those evils which overwhelm and subdue minds more feeble and unequal.

The spirits of Emmeline were yet unbroken by affliction, and her understanding was of the first rank. She possessed this native firmness in a degree very unusual to her age and sex. Instead therefore of giving way to tears and exclamations, she considered how she should best perform all she now could do for her deceased friend ; and having seen every proper care taken of her remains, and given orders for every thing relative to them, with the solemn serenity of settled sorrow, she retired to her room, where she began to reflect on
her

her irreparable loss, and the melancholy situation in which she was left; which she never had courage to consider closely till it was actually before her.

Painful indeed were the thoughts that now crowded on her mind; encreasing the anguish of her spirit for her recent misfortune. She considered herself as a being belonging to nobody; as having no right to claim the protection of any one; no power to procure for herself the necessaries of life. On the steward Maloney she had long looked with disgust, from the assured and forward manner in which he thought proper to treat her. The freedom of his behaviour, which she could with difficulty repress, while Mrs. Carey lived, might now, she feared, approach to more insulting familiarity; to be exposed to which, entirely in his power, and without any female companion, filled her with the most alarming apprehensions: and the more her mind dwelt on that circumstance the more she was terrified at the prospect before her; insomuch, that she would immediately have

have quitted the house—But whither could she go?

By abruptly leaving the asylum Lord Montreville had hitherto allowed her, she feared she might forfeit all claim to his future protection; and, unknown as she was to the principal inhabitants of the country, who were few, and their houses at a great distance, she could hardly hope to be received by any of them.

She had therefore no choice left but to remain at the castle till she heard from Lord Montreville: and she determined to acquaint his Lordship of the death of Mrs. Carey, and desire to receive his commands as to herself.

Fatigued and oppressed, she retired to bed, but not to sleep. The image of her expiring protectress was still before her eyes; and if exhausted nature forced her to give way to a momentary forgetfulness, she soon started from her imperfect slumber, and fancied she heard the voice of Mrs. Carey, calling on her for help; and her last groan still vibrated in her ears!

—while

while the stillness of the night, interrupted only by the cries of the owls which haunted the ruins, added to the gloomy and mournful sensations of her mind.

At length however the sun arose—the surrounding objects lost the horror that darkness and silence had lent them—and Emmeline fell into a short but refreshing repose.

CHAPTER II.

AS soon as Emmeline arose the next morning, she addressed the following letter to Lord Montreville.

“ My Lord,

“ In the utmost affliction, I address myself to your Lordship, to acquaint you with the death of Mrs. Carey, after an illness of a very few moments : by which unhappy event I have lost a friend who has indeed been a mother to me ; and am now left at the castle, ignorant of your Lordship’s pleasure as to my future residence,

“ You

“ You will, my Lord, I doubt not, re-
 “ collect that it is, at my time of life, im-
 “ proper for me to reside here with Mr.
 “ Maloney ; and if it be your Lordship’s
 “ intention for me to continue here, I hope
 “ you will have the goodness to send down
 “ some proper person to fill the place of
 “ the worthy woman I have lost.

“ On your Lordship’s humanity and
 “ consideration I depend for an early an-
 “ swer : in which hope I have the honor
 “ to remain,

“ your Lordship’s

“ dutiful and most humble servant,

“ EMMELINE MOWBRAY.”

Mowbray Castle,

21st May.

The same post carried a letter from Mr. Maloney, informing Lord Montreville of the housekeeper’s death, and desiring directions about *Miss*, as he elegantly termed Emmeline.

To these letters no answers were returned for upwards of a fortnight : during which
 melancholy

melancholy interval, Emmeline followed to the grave the remains of the friend of her infancy, and took a last farewell of the only person who seemed interested for her welfare. Then returning with streaming eyes to her own room, she threw herself on the bed, and gave way to a torrent of tears ; for her spirits were overcome by the mournful scene to which she had just been a witness, and by the heavy forebodings of future sorrow which oppressed her heart.

The troublesome civilities of the steward Maloney, she soon found the difficulty of evading. Fearful of offending him from whom she could not escape ; yet unable to keep up an intercourse of civility with a man who would interpret it into an encouragement of his presumptuous attentions, she was compelled to make use of an artifice ; and to plead ill health as an excuse for not dining as usual in the steward's room : and indeed her uneasiness and grief were such as hardly made it a pretence.

After

After many days of anxious expectation, the following letter arrived from the house-steward of Lord Montreville; as on such an occasion his Lordship did not think it necessary to write himself.

Berkeley Square, June 17, 17—

“ Miss,

“ My Lord orders me to acquaint you,
 “ that in consequence of your’s of the 21st
 “ ult. informing his Lordship of the old
 “ house-keeper’s, Mrs. Carey’s, decease, he
 “ has directed Mrs. Grant, his Lordship’s
 “ town house-keeper, to look out for ano-
 “ ther; and Mrs. Grant has agreed with
 “ a gentlewoman accordingly, who will
 “ be down at the castle forthwith. My
 “ Lord is gone to Essex; but has directed
 “ me to let Mr. Maloney know, that he
 “ is to furnish you with all things needful
 “ same as before. By my Lord’s com-
 “ mand, from, Miss,

“ your very humble servant,

“ RICHARD MADDOX.”

While

While Emmeline waited the expected arrival of the person to whose care she was now to be consigned, the sister of Mrs. Carey, who was the only relation she had, sent a nephew of her husband's to take possession of what effects had belonged to her; in doing which, a will was found, in which she bequeathed fifty pounds as a testimony of her tender affection to "Miss Emmeline Mowbray, the daughter of her late dear master;" together with all the contents of a small chest of drawers, which stood in her room.

The rest of her property, which consisted of her cloaths and about two hundred pounds, which she had saved in service, became her sister's, and were delivered by Maloney to the young man commissioned to receive them.

In the drawers given to her, Emmeline found some fine linen and laces, which had belonged to her mother; and two little silk boxes covered with nuns embroidery, which seemed not to have been opened for many years.

Emmeline

Emmeline saw that they were filled with letters: some of them in a hand which she had been shewn as her father's. But she left them uninspected, and fastened up the caskets; her mind being yet too much affected with her loss to be able to examine any thing which brought to her recollection the fond solicitude of her departed friend.

The cold and mechanical terms in which the steward's letter was written, encreased all her uneasy fears as to her future prospects.

Lord Montreville seemed to feel no kindness for her; nor to give any consideration to her forlorn and comfortless situation. The officious freedoms of Maloney encreased so much, that she was obliged to confine herself almost entirely to her own room to avoid him; and she determined, that if after the arrival of the companion she expected, he continued to besiege her with so much impertinent familiarity, she would quit the house, tho' compelled to accept the meanest service for a subsistence.

After

After a fortnight of expectation, notice was received at the castle, that Mrs. Garnet, the house keeper, was arrived at the market town. The labourer, with an horse, was dispatched for her, and towards evening she made her entry.

To Emmeline, who had from her earliest remembrance been accustomed only to the plainest dress, and the most simple and sober manners, the figure and deportment of this woman appeared equally extraordinary.

She wore a travelling dress of tawdry-coloured silk, trimmed with bright green ribbands ; and her head was covered with an immense black silk hat, from which depended many yellow streamers ; while the plumage, with which it was plentifully adorned, hung dripping over her face, from the effects of a thunder shower thro' which she had passed. Her hair, tho' carefully curled and powdered on her leaving London, had been also greatly deranged in her journey, and descended, in knotty tufts of a dirty yellow, over her cheeks and forehead ; adding to the vulgar ferocity of
a harsh

a harsh countenance and a coarse complexion. Her figure was uncommonly tall and boney; and her voice so discordant and shrill, as to pierce the ear with the most unpleasant sensation, and compleat the disagreeable idea her person impressed.

Emmeline saw her enter, handed by the officious Maloney; and repressing her astonishment, she arose, and attempted to speak to her; but the contrast between the dirty, tawdry, and disgusting figure before her, and the sober plainness and neat simplicity of her lost friend, struck so forcibly on her imagination, that she burst into tears, and was altogether unable to command her emotion.

The steward having with great gallantry handed in the newly arrived Lady, she thus began:

“ Oh! Lord a marcy on me!—to be
 “ shore I be got here at last! But indeed
 “ if I had a known whereabout I was a
 “ coming to, ’tis not a double the wagers
 “ as should a hired me. Lord! why what
 “ a ramshakel ould place it is!—and then
 “ such

“ such a monstrous long way from London ! I suppose, Sir,” (to Maloney)
“ as you be the steward ; and you Miss, I
“ reckon, be the young Miss as I be to
“ have the care on. Why to be sure I
“ didn’t much expect to see a Christian
“ face in such an out of the way place.
“ I don’t b’leve I shall stay ; howsomdever
“ do let me have some tea ; and do you,
“ Miss, shew me whereabout I be to sleep.”

Emmeline, struggling with her dislike, or at least desirous of concealing it, did not venture to trust her voice with an answer ; for her heart was too full ; but stepping to the door, she called to the female servant, and ordered her to shew the lady her room. She had herself been used to share that appropriated to Mrs. Carey ; but she now resolved to remove her bed into an apartment in one of the turrets of the castle, which was the only unoccupied room not wholly exposed to the weather.

This little room had beed fashed by Mrs. Mowbray on account of the beautiful prospect it commanded between the hills, where
suddenly

suddenly sinking to the South West, they made way through a long narrow valley, fringed with copses, for a small but rapid river; which hurrying among immense stones, and pieces of rock that seemed to have been torn from the mountains by its violence, rushed into the sea at the distance of a mile from the castle.

This room, now for many years neglected, was much out of repair, but still habitable; and tho' it was at a great distance from the rooms yet occupied, Emmeline chose rather to take up her abode in it, than partake of the apartment which was now to belong to Mrs. Garnet: and she found reason to applaud herself for this determination when she heard the exclamation Mrs. Garnet made on entering it—

“ Lord! why 'tis but a shabbyish place;
 “ and here is two beds I see. But that
 “ won't suit me I asshore you, I chuses to
 “ have a room to myself, if it be ever so.”

“ Be not in any pain on that account,
 “ Madam,” said Emmeline, who had now collected her thoughts; it is my intention

“ to remove my bed, and I have directed
“ a person to do it immediately.”

She then returned into the steward's room,
where Maloney thus addressed her—

“ Sarvent again, pretty Miss! Pray how
“ d'ye like our new housekeeper? A
“ smartish piece of goods upon my word
“ for Pembroke-shire; quite a London
“ lady, eh, Miss?”

“ It is impossible for me, Sir, to judge
“ of her yet.”

“ Why ay, Miss, as you justly observes,
“ 'tis full early to know what people be;
“ but I hope we shall find her quite the
“ thing, and if so be as she's but good
“ tempered, and agreeable, and the like,
“ why I warrant we shall pass this here
“ summer as pleasant as any thing can be.
“ And now my dear Miss, perhaps, may'nt
“ be so shy and distant, as she have got
“ another woman body to keep her com-
“ pany.”

This eloquent harangue was interrupted
by the return of Mrs. Garnet, full of anxiety
for her tea; and in the bustle created by
the

the desire of the maid and Maloney to accommodate her, Emmeline retired to her new apartment, where she was obliged to attend to the removal of her bed and other things; and excusing herself, under the pretence of fatigue, from returning to the steward's room, she passed some time in melancholy recollection and more melancholy anticipation, and then retired to rest.

Some days passed in murmurs on the part of Mrs. Garnet, and in silence on that of Emmeline; who, as soon as she had finished her short repasts, always went to her own room.

After a few weeks, she discovered that the lady grew every day more reconciled to her situation; and from the pleasures she apparently took in the gallantries of Maloney, and his constant assiduities to her, the innocent Emmeline supposed there was really an attachment forming between them, which would certainly deliver her from the displeasing attentions of the steward.

Occupied almost entirely by her books,

of which she every day became more enamoured, she never willingly broke in upon a tête à tête which she fancied was equally agreeable to all parties; and she saw with satisfaction that they regretted not her absence.

But the motives of Maloney's attention were misunderstood. Insensible as such a man must be supposed to the charms of the elegant and self-cultivated mind of Emmeline, her personal beauty had made a deep impression on his heart; and he had formed a design of marrying her, before the death of Mrs. Carey, to whom he had once or twice mentioned something like a hint of his wishes: but she had received all his discourse on that topic with so much coldness, and ever so carefully avoided any conversation that might again lead to it, that he had been deterred from entirely explaining himself. Now, however, he thought the time was arrived, when he might make a more successful application; for he never doubted but that Mrs. Garnet would obtain, over the tender and ingenuous

genuous mind of Emmeline, an influence as great as had been possessed by Mrs. Carey.

Nor did he apprehend that a friendless orphan, without fortune or connections, would want much persuasion to marry a young man of handsome figure (as he conceived himself to be,) who was established in a profitable place, and had some dependance of his own.

The distance which Emmeline had always obliged him to observe, he imputed to the timidity of her nature; which he hoped would be lessened by the free and familiar manners of her present companion, whose conversation was very unlike what she had before been accustomed to hear from Mrs. Carey.

Impressed with these ideas, he paid his court most assiduously to the housekeeper, who put down all his compliments to the account of her own attractions; and was extremely pleased with her conquest; which she exhausted all her eloquence and all her wardrobe to secure.

CHAPTER III.

IN this situation were the inhabitants of Mowbray Castle; when, in the beginning of July, orders were received from Lord Montreville to set workmen immediately about repairing the whole end of the castle which was yet habitable; as his son Mr. Delamere, intended to come down early in the Autumn, to shoot, for some weeks, in Wales. His Lordship added, that it was possible he might himself be there also for a few weeks; and therefore directed several bed-chambers to be repaired, for which he would send down furniture from London.

No time was lost in obeying these directions. Workmen were immediately procured, and the utmost expedition used to put the place in a situation to receive its master: while Emmeline, who foresaw that the arrival of Lord Montreville would
probably

probably occasion some change in regard to herself, and who thought that every change must be for the better, beheld these preparations with pleasure.

All had been ready some weeks, and the time fixed for Mr. Delamere's journey elapsed, but he had yet given no notice of his arrival.

At length, towards the middle of September, they were one evening alarmed by the noise of horses on the ascent to the castle.

Emmeline retired to her own room, fearful of she knew not what; while Mrs. Garnet and Maloney flew eagerly to the door; where a French valet, and an English groom with a led horse, presented themselves, and were ushered into the old kitchen; the dimensions of which, blackened as it was with the smoke of ages, and provided with the immense utensils of ancient hospitality, failed not to amaze them both.

The Frenchman expressed his wonder and dislike by several grimaces; and then

addressing himself to Mrs. Garnet, exclaimed—"Peste! Milor croit'il qu'on
" peut subsister dans cette espee d'enfer?
" Montré moi les apartements de Mon-
" sieur."

" Oh, your name is Mounseer, is it?" answered she—"Aye, I thought so—What
" would you please to have, Mounseer?"

" Diable! cried the distressed valet;
" voici une femme aussi sauvage que le
" lieu qu'elle habite. Com, Com, you
" Jean Groom, speak littel to dis voman
" pour moi."

With the help of John, who had been some time used to his mode of explaining himself, Mrs. Garnet understood that Mounseer desired to be shewn the apartments destined for his master, which he assiduously assisted in preparing; and then seeing the women busied in following his directions, he attempted to return to his companion; but by missing a turning which should have carried him to the kitchen, he was bewildered among the long galleries and obscure passages of the castle, and
after

after several efforts, could neither find his way back to the women, nor into the kitchen; but continued to blunder about till the encreasing gloom, which approaching night threw over the arched and obscure apartments, through windows dim with painted glass, filled him with apprehension and dismay, and he believed he should wander there the whole night; in which fear he began to make a strange noise for assistance; to which nobody attended, for indeed nobody for some time heard him. His terror increasing, he continued to traverse one of the passages, when a door at the corner of it opened, and Emmeline came out.

The man, whose imagination was by this time filled with ideas of spectres, flew back at her sudden appearance, and added the contortions of fear to his otherwise grotesque appearance, in a travelling jacket of white cloth, laced, and his hair in papillotes.

Emmeline, immediately comprehending that it was one of Mr. Delamere's servants,

enquired what he wanted; and the man, re-assured by her voice and figure, which there was yet light enough to discern, approached her, and endeavoured to explain that he had lost himself; in a language, which, though Emmeline did not understand, she knew to be French.

She walked with him therefore to the gallery which opened to the great staircase, from whence he could hardly mistake his way; where having pointed it to him, she turned back towards her own room.

But Millefleur, who had now had an opportunity to contemplate the person of his conductress, was not disposed so easily to part with her.

By the extreme simplicity of her dress, he believed her to be only some fair villager, or an assistant to the housekeeper; and therefore without ceremony he began in broken English to protest his admiration, and seized her hand with an impertinent freedom extremely shocking to Emmeline.

She

She snatched it from him; and flying hastily back through those passages which all his courage did not suffice to make him attempt exploring again, she regained her turret, the door of which she instantly locked and bolted; then breathless with fear and anger, she reflected on the strange and unpleasant scene she had passed through, and felt greatly humbled, to find that she was now likely to be exposed to the insolent familiarity of servants, from which she knew not whether the presence of the master would protect her.

While she suffered the anguish these thoughts brought with them, Millefleur travelled back to the kitchen; where he began an oration in his own language on the beauty of the young woman he had met with.

Neither Mrs. Garnet nor Maloney understood what he was saying, but John, who had been in France, and knew a good deal of the Language, told them that he had seen a very pretty girl, in whose praise he was holding forth.

“ Why,

“ Why, Lord,” exclaimed Mrs. Garnet,
“ ’tis our Miss as Mounseer means ; I had
“ a quite forgot the child ; I’ll go call
“ her ; but howsomdever Mounseer won’t
“ be able to get a word out of her ; if she’s a
“ beauty I afshore you’tis a dumb beauty.”

Maloney, by no means pleased with Millefleur’s discovery, would willingly have prevented the housekeeper’s complaisance ; but not knowing how to do it, he was obliged to let her ascend to Emmeline, whose door she found locked.

“ Miss ! Miss !” cried she, rapping loudly, “ you must come down.”

Is my Lord or Mr. Delamere arrived ?” enquired Emmeline.

“ No,” replied Mrs. Garnet, “ neither
“ of em be’nt come yet ; but here’s my
“ Lord’s waley de sham, and an other far-
“ vent, and you’ll come down to tea to
“ be sure.”

“ No,” said Emmeline, “ you must
“ excuse me, Mrs. Garnet. I am not
“ very well ; and if I were, should de-
“ cline appearing to these people, with
“ whom,

“whom, perhaps, it may not be my
“Lord’s design that I should associate.”

“People! exclaimed Mrs. Garnet; as
“to people, I do suppose that for all one
“of them is a Frenchman, they may be as
“good as other folks; and if I am agree-
“able to let them drink tea in my room,
“sure you, Miss, mid’nt be so squeamish.
“But do as you please; for my part I
“shan’t court beauties.”

So saying, the angry housekeeper descended to her companions, to whom she complained of the pride and ill manners of Miss; while Maloney rejoiced at a reserve so favourable to the hopes he entertained.

Emmeline determined to remain as much as possible in her own room, ’till Lord Montreville or Mr. Delamere came, and then to solicit her removal.

She therefore continued positively to refuse to appear to the party below; and ordered the maid servant to bring her dinner into her own room, which she never quitted ’till towards evening, to pursue her usual walks.

On

On the third afternoon subsequent to the arrival of Mr Delamere's avant-cou-riers, Emmeline went down to the sea side, and seating herself on a fragment of rock, fixed her eyes insensibly on the restless waves that broke at her feet. The low murmurs of the tide retiring on the sands: the sighing of the wind among the rocks which hung over her head, cloathed with long grass and marine plants; the noise of the sea-fowl going to their nests among the cliffs; threw her into a profound reverie.

She forgot awhile all her apprehended misfortunes, a sort of stupor took possession of her senses, and she no longer remembered how the time had passed there, which already exceeded two hours; though the moon, yet in its encrease, was arisen, and threw a long line of radiance on the water.

Thus lost in indistinct reflections, she was unconscious of the surrounding objects, when the hasty tread of somebody on the pebbles behind her, made her suddenly recollect herself; and though accustomed to be so much alone, she started in some alarm

alarm in remembering the late hour, and the solitary place where she was.

A man approached her, in whom with satisfaction she recollected a young peasant of the village, who was frequently employed in messages from the castle.

“ Miss Emmy,” said the lad, “ you
“ are wanted at home; for there is my
“ Lord his own self, and the young Lord,
“ and more gentlefolks come; so Madam
“ Garnet sent me to look for you all
“ about.”

Emmeline, hurried by this intelligence, walked hastily away with the young villager, and soon arrived at the castle.

The wind had blown her beautiful hair about her face, and the glow of her cheeks was heightened by exercise and apprehension. A more lovely figure than she now appeared could hardly be imagined. She had no time to reflect on the interview; but hastened immediately into the parlour where Lord Montreville was sitting with his son; Mr. Fitz-Edward, who was a
young

young officer, his friend, distantly related to the family ; and Mr. Headly, a man celebrated for his knowledge of rural improvements, whom Lord Montreville had brought down to have his opinion of the possibility of rendering Mowbray Castle a residence fit for his family for a few months in the year.

Lord Montreville was about five and forty years old. His general character was respectable. He had acquitted himself with honor in the senate ; and in private life had shewn great regularity and good conduct. But he had basked perpetually in the sunshine of prosperity ; and his feelings, not naturally very acute, were blunted by having never suffered in his own person any uneasiness which might have taught him sensibility for that of others.

To this cause it was probably owing, that he never reflected on the impropriety of receiving his niece before strangers ; and that he ordered Emmeline to be introduced into the room where they were all sitting together.

Having

Having once seen Emmeline a child of five or six years old ; he still formed an idea of her as a child ; and adverted not to the change that almost nine years had made in her person and manners ; it was therefore with some degree of surprise, that instead of the child he expected, he saw a tall, elegant young woman, whose air, though timidity was the most conspicuous in it, had yet much of dignity and grace, and in whose face he saw the features of his brother, softened into feminine beauty.

The apathy which prosperity had taught him, gave way for a moment to his surprise at the enchanting figure of his niece.

He arose, and approached her.—“ Miss Mowbray ! how amazingly you are grown ! I am glad to see you.” He took her hand ; while Emmeline, trembling and blushing, endeavoured to recollect herself, and said—

“ I thank you, my Lord, and I am happy
“ in having an opportunity of paying my
“ respects to your Lordship.”

He

He led her to a seat, and again repeated his wonder to find her so much grown.

Delamere, who had been standing at the fire conversing with Fitz-Edward, now advanced; and desired his father to introduce him; which ceremony being passed, he drew a chair close to that in which Emmeline was placed; and fixing his eyes on her face with a look of admiration and enquiry that extremely abashed her, he seemed to be examining the beauties of that lovely and interesting countenance which had so immediately dazzled and surpris'd him:

Fitz-Edward, a young soldier, related to the family of Lady Montreville, was almost constantly the companion of Delamere, and had expectations that the interest Lord Montreville possessed would be exerted to advance him in his profession. His manner was very insinuating, and his person uncommonly elegant. He affected to be a judge as well as an admirer of beauty, and seemed to behold with approbation the fair inhabitant of the castle; who, with heightened blushes, and averted looks,

looks waited in silence 'till Lord Montreville should again address her, which he at length did.

“ I was sorry, Miss Mowbray, to hear
“ of the death of old Carey.”

“ The tears started into the eyes of Emmeline.

“ She was an excellent servant, and
“ served the family faithfully many years.”

Poor Emmeline felt the tears fall on her bosom.

“ But however she was old ; and had
“ been, I suppose, long infirm. I hope
“ the person who now fills her place has
“ supplied it to your satisfaction.”

“ Ye—s, yes, my Lord ; ” inarticulately sobbed Emmeline, quite overcome by the mention of her old friend.

“ I dare say she does,” resumed his Lordship ; “ for Grant, of whom Lady
“ Montreville has a very high opinion,
“ assured her Ladyship she was well recommended.”

Emmeline now found her emotion very painful ; she therefore rose to go, and
curtseying

curtseying to Lord Montreville, tried to wish him good night.

“A good night to you, Miss Mowbray,” said he, rising. Delamere started from his chair; and taking her hand, desired to have the honor of conducting her to her room. But this was a gallantry his father by no means approved. “No, Frederic,” said he, taking himself the hand he held, “you will give *me* leave to see Miss Mowbray to the door.” He led her thither, and then bowing, wished her again good night.

Emmeline hurried to her room; where she endeavoured to recollect her dissipated spirits, and to consider in what way it would be proper for her to address Lord Montreville the next day, to urge her request of a removal from the castle.

Mrs. Carey had a sister who resided at Swansea in Glamorganshire; where her husband had a little place in the excise, and where she had a small house, part of which she had been accustomed to let to those

those who frequented the place for the benefit of sea-bathing.

She was old, and without any family of her own; and Emmeline, to whom she was the more agreeable as being the sister of Mrs. Carey, thought she might reside with her with propriety and comfort, if Lord Montreville would allow her a small annual stipend for her cloaths and board.

While she was considering in what manner to address herself to his Lordship the next day, the gentlemen were talking of the perfections of the nymph of the castle; by which name Delamere toasted her at supper.

Lord Montreville, who did not seem particularly delighted with the praise his son so warmly bestowed, said—

“Why surely, Frederic, you are uncommonly eloquent on behalf of your Welch cousin.”

“Faith, my Lord,” answered Delamere,
 “I like her so well that I think it’s a little
 “unlucky I did not come alone. My
 “Welch cousin is the very thing for a tête
 “à tête.”

“Yes,”

“ Yes,” said Lord Montreville, carelessly, “ she is really grown a good fine young woman. Don’t you think so, George?” addressing himself to Fitz-Edward.

“ I do indeed, my Lord,” answered he; “ and here’s Mr. Headly, though an old married man, absolutely petrified with admiration.”

“ Upon my soul, Headly,” continued Delamere, “ I already begin to see great capabilities about this venerable mansion. I think I shall take to it, as my father offers it me; especially as I suppose Miss. Emmeline is to be included in the inventory.”

“ Come, come, Frederic,” said Lord Montreville, gravely, “ no light conversation on the subject of Miss. Mowbray. She is under my care; and I must have her treated with propriety.”

His Lordship immediately changed the discourse, and soon after complaining of being fatigued, retired to his chamber.

C H A P.

CHAPTER IV.

LORD Montreville, whose first object was his son, had observed, with some alarm, the immediate impression he seemed to have received from the beauty of Emmeline.

The next day he made some farther remarks on his attention to her when they met at dinner, which gave him still more uneasiness; and he accused himself of great indiscretion in having thrown an object, whose loveliness he could not help acknowledging, in the way of Delamere, whose ardent and impetuous temper he knew so well. This gave his behaviour to Emmeline an air of coldness, and even of displeasure, which prevented her summoning courage to speak to him in the morning of the day after his arrival: and the evening afforded her no opportunity; for Lord Montreville determined to keep her as much as possible out of the sight of Delamere,

mere, did not send for her down to supper, and had privately resolved to remove her as soon as possible to some other residence.

Thus his apprehensions lest his son should form an attachment prejudicial to his ambitious views, produced in his Lordship's mind a resolution in regard to placing more properly his orphan niece, which no consideration, had it related merely to herself, would probably have effected.

At supper, Delamere enquired eagerly for his "lovely cousin." To which Lord Montreville drily answered, "that she did not, he believed, sup below."

But the manner of this enquiry, and the anxious looks Delamere directed towards the door, together with his repeated questions, increased all Lord Montreville's fears.

He went to bed out of humour rather with himself than his son; and rising early the next morning, enquired for Miss Mowbray.

Miss Mowbray was walked out, as was her custom, very early, no one knew whither.

He

He learned also that Mr. Delamere was gone out with his gun without Fitz Edward; who not being very fond of field sports, had agreed to join him at a later hour.

He immediately fancied that Delamere and Emmeline might meet; and the pain such a suspicion brought with it, was by him, who had hardly ever felt an hour's uneasiness, considered as so great an evil, that he determined to put an end to it as soon as possible.

After an hasty breakfast in his own room, he summoned Maloney to attend him, and went over the accounts of the estates entrusted to him, with the state of which his Lordship declared himself well contented. And not knowing to whom else he could apply, to enquire for a situation for Emmeline, he told Maloney, that as Miss Mowbray was now of an age to require some alteration in her mode of life, he was desirous of finding for her a reputable house in some town in Wales, where she might lodge and board.

Vol. I.

D

Maloney,

Maloney, encouraged by being thus consulted by his Lord, ventured, with many bows, blushes, and stammering apologies, to disclose to Lord Montreville his partiality to Miss Mowbray.

And this communication he so contrived to word, that his Lordship had no doubt of Emmeline's having allowed him to make it.

Lord Montreville listened therefore in silence, and without any marks of disapprobation, to the account Maloney proceeded to give of his prospects and property.

While he was doing so, family pride made a faint struggle in his Lordship's breast on behalf of his deserted ward. He felt some pain in determining, that a creature boasting a portion of the Mowbray blood, should sink into the wife of a man of such inferior birth as Maloney.

But when the advantages of so easily providing for her were recollected; when he considered that Maloney would be happy to take her with a few hundred pounds

pounds, and that all apprehensions in regard to his son would by that means for ever be at an end ; avarice and ambition, two passions which too much influenced Lord Montreville, joined to persuade him of the propriety of the match ; and became infinitely too powerful to let him listen to his regard to the memory of his brother or his pity for his deserted ward.

He thought, that as the existence of Emmeline was hardly known beyond the walls of the castle, he should incur no censure from the world if he consigned her to that obscurity to which the disadvantages of her birth seemed originally to have condemned her.

These reflections arose while Maloney, charmed to find himself listened to, was proceeding in his discourse.

Lord Montreville, tho' too much used to the manners of politicians to be able to give a direct answer, at length put an end to it, by telling him he would consider of what he had said, and talk to him farther in a few days.

In the mean time his Lordship desired that no part of their conversation might transpire.

Maloney, transported at a reception which seemed to prognosticate the completion of his wishes, retired elated with his prospects; and Lord Montreville summoning Mr. Headly to attend him, mounted his horse to survey the ground on which he meditated improvements round the castle.

The cold and almost stern civility of Lord Montreville, for the little time Emmeline had seen him, had created despondence and uneasiness in her bosom.

She fancied he disliked her, unoffending as she was, and would take the first opportunity of shaking her off:—an idea which, together with the awe she could not help feeling in his presence, made her determine as much as possible to avoid it, 'till he should give her a proper opportunity to speak to him, or 'till she could acquire courage to seek it.

At

At seven in the morning, she arose, after an uneasy night, and having taken an early breakfast, betook herself to her usual walk, carrying with her a book.

The sun was hot, and she went to a wood which partly cloathed an high hill near the boundary of the estate, where, intent only on her own sorrows, she could not beguile them by attending to the fictitious and improbable calamities of the heroine of a novel, which Mrs. Garnet (probably forgetting to restore it to the library of some former mistress) had brought down among her cloaths, and which had been seized by Emmeline as something new, at least to her.

But her mind, overwhelmed with its own anxiety, refused its attention: and tired with her walk, she sat down on a tree that had been felled, reflecting on what had passed since Lord Montreville's arrival, and considering how she might most effectually interest him in her behalf.

Delamere, attended by a servant, had gone upon the hills in pursuit of his game;

and having had great success for some hours, he came down about eleven o'clock into the woods, to avoid the excessive heat, which was uncommon for the season.

The noise he made in brushing through the underwood with his gun, and rustling among the fading leaves, alarmed her.

He stepped over the timber, and seating himself by her, seized her hands.

"Oh! my charming cousin," cried he, "I think myself one of the most fortunate fellows on earth, thus to meet you."

Emmeline would have risen.

"Oh! no," continued he, "indeed you do not go, 'till we have had a little conversation."

"I cannot stay, indeed Sir," said Emmeline—"I must immediately go home."

"By no means; I cannot part with you.—Come, come, sit down and hear what I have to say."

It was to no purpose to resist. The impetuous vehemence of Delamere was too much for the timid civility of Emmeline; and not believing that any thing more than
common

common conversation or a few unmeaning compliments would pass, she sat down with as much composure as she could command.

But Delamere, who was really captivated at the first, and who now thought her more beautiful than he had done in their former interviews, hesitated not to pour fourth the most extravagant professions of admiration, in a style so unequivocal, that Emmeline, believing he meant to insult her, burst into a passion of tears, and besought him, in a tremulous and broken voice, not to be so cruel as to affront her, but to suffer her to return home.

Delamere could not see her terror without being affected. He protested, that so far from meaning to give her pain, he should think himself too happy if she would allow him to dedicate his whole life to her service.

Poor Emmeline, however, continued to weep, and to beseech him to let her go; to which, as her distress arose almost to agony, he at length consented: and taking her arm within his, he said he would walk home with her himself.

To this Emmeline in vain objected. To escape was impossible. To prevail on him to leave her equally so. She was therefore compelled to follow him. Which she did with reluctance; while he still continued to profess to her the most violent and serious attachment. They proceeded in this manner along the nearest path to the castle, which lay principally among copses that fringed the banks of the river. They had just past through the last, and entered the meadows which lay immediately under the castle walls, when Lord Montreville and Headly, on horseback, appeared from a woody lane just before them.

At the noise of horses so near them, Emmeline looked up, and seeing Lord Montreville, again struggled, but without success, to disengage her hand.

Delamere continued to walk on, and his Lordship soon came up to them. He checked his horse, and said, somewhat sternly, "So, Sir, where have you been?"

De-la-

Delamere, without the least hesitation, answered—"Shooting, my Lord, the early part of the morning; and since that, making love to my cousin, who was so good as to sit and wait for me under a tree."

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Delamere," cried Emmeline, "consider what you say."

Waiting for you under a tree!" cried Lord Montreville, in amazement. "Do Miss Mowbray be so good as to return home.—And you, Frederic, will, I suppose, be back by dinner time."

"Yes," answered Delamere; "when I have conducted my cousin home, I shall go out again; perhaps, for an hour before dinner."

He was then walking on, without noticing the stern and displeased looks of his father, or the terror of poor Emmeline, who saw too evidently that Lord Montreville was extremely angry.

His Lordship, after a moment's pause, dismounted, gave his horse to a servant,

and joined them, telling Delamere he had some business with Miss Mowbray, and would therefore walk with her towards the castle himself.

Delamere kissed her hand gayly, and assuring his father that for the first time in his life he felt an inclination to take his business off his hands, he beckoned to his servant to follow with his dogs, and then leaping over the hedge that separated the meadow from the hollow lane, he disappeared.

Emmeline, trembling with apprehension, walked with faltering steps by the side of Lord Montreville, who for some time was silent. He at length said—"Your having
" been brought up in retirement, Miss
" Mowbray, has, perhaps, prevented your
" being acquainted with the decorums of
" the world, and the reserve which a young
" woman should ever strictly maintain.
" You have done a very improper thing
" in meeting my son; and I must desire
" that while you are at the castle, no such
" appointments may take place in future."

Tho

Tho' she saw, from the first moment of his meeting them, that he had conceived this idea, and was confirmed in it by Delamere's speech; yet she was so much shocked and hurt by the address, that as she attempted to answer, her voice failed her.

The tears however, which streamed from her eyes, having a little relieved her, she endeavoured to assure his Lordship, that till she met Mr. Delamere in the wood that morning, she did not know even of his having left the castle.

"And how happened you to be where he found you, Miss Mowbray?"

"I went thither, my Lord, with a book which I was eager to finish."

"Oh! I remember that Maloney told me you was a great reader; and from some other discourse he held relative to you, I own I was the more surpris'd at your indiscretion in regard to my son."

They were by this time arrived at the castle, and Lord Montreville desired Emmeline to follow him into the parlour, where they both sat down.

His Lordship renewed the discourse.

“ This morning Maloney has been talking to me about you ; and from what he said, I concluded you had formed with him engagements which should have prevented you from listening to the boyish and improper conversation of Mr. Delamere.”

“ Engagements with Mr. Maloney, my Lord ? Surely he could never assert that I have ever formed engagements with him ?”

“ Why not absolutely so.—I think he did not say that. But I understood that you was by no means averse to his informing me of his attachment, and was willing, if my consent was obtained, to become his wife. Perhaps he has no very great advantages ; yet considering your situation, which is, you know, entirely dependent, I really think you do perfectly right in designing to accept of the establishment he offers you.”

“ To become the wife of Maloney !—to accept of the establishment *he* offers me ! I am humbled, I am lost indeed !

“ No,

“ No, my Lord! unhappy as I am, I
 “ can claim nothing, it is true; but if
 “ the support of an unfortunate orphan,
 “ thrown by providence into your care,
 “ is too troublesome, suffer me to be my-
 “ self a servant; and believe I have a
 “ mind, which tho’ it will not recoil from
 “ any situation where I can earn my bread
 “ by honest labour, is infinitely superior
 “ to any advantages such a man as Ma-
 “ loney can offer me!”

She wept too much to be able to proceed; and sat, overwhelmed with grief and mortification, while Lord Montreville continued to speak.

“ Why distress yourself in this manner,
 “ Miss Mowbray? I cannot see any thing
 “ which ought to offend you, if Maloney
 “ *has* misrepresented the matter, and if
 “ he has not, your extraordinary emotion
 “ must look like a consciousness of having
 “ altered your mind.

“ Your motive for doing so cannot
 “ be mistaken; but let me speak to you
 “ explicitly.—To Mr. Delamere, *my* son,
 “ the

“ the heir to a title and estate which
“ makes him a desirable match for the
“ daughters of the first houses in the king-
“ dom, *you* can have no pretensions; there-
“ fore never do yourself so much prejudice
“ as to let your mind glance that way.

“ Maloney tells me he has some pro-
“ perty, and still better expectations. He
“ is established here in an excellent place;
“ and should he marry you, it shall be still
“ more advantageous. You are (I am sorry
“ to be obliged to repeat it) without any
“ dependance, but on my favour. You
“ will therefore do wisely to embrace a
“ situation in which that favour may be
“ most effectually exerted on your behalf.

“ As you have undoubtedly encouraged
“ Maloney, the aversion you now pretend
“ towards him, is artifice or coquetry.
“ Consider, before you decide, consider
“ thoroughly what is your situation and
“ what your expectations; and recollect,
“ that as my son now means to be very fre-
“ quently at Mowbray Castle, *you* cannot
“ remain

“ remain with propriety but as the wife
“ of Maloney.”

“ Neither as the wife of Maloney, nor
“ as Emmeline Mowbray, will I stay, my
“ Lord, another day!” answered she, as-
suming more spirit than she had yet shewn.
“ I wished for an interview to entreat your
“ Lordship would allow me to go to some
“ place less improper for my abode than
“ Mowbray Castle has long been.”

“ And whither would you go, Miss
“ Mowbray?”

“ On that, my Lord, I wished to con-
“ sult you. But since it is perhaps a mat-
“ ter unworthy your attention; since it
“ seems to signify little what becomes of
“ me; I must determine to hazard going
“ to Mrs. Watkins’s, who will probably
“ give me an asylum at least ’till I can
“ find some one who will receive me, or
“ some means of providing for myself the
“ necessaries of life.”

“ You then positively reject the over-
“ tures of Maloney?”

“ Posi-

“Positively, my Lord—and for ever!”
“I beg it may not be mentioned to me again!”

“And who is Mrs. Watkins?”

“The sister of Mrs. Carey, my Lord.”

“Where does she live?”

“At Swansea in Glamorganshire; where she is accustomed to take in boarders.

“She would, I believe, receive me.”

After a moment’s consideration, Lord Montreville said, “that perhaps may do, since you absolutely refuse the other plan; I would have you therefore prepare to go thither; but I must insist on no more morning interviews with Mr. Delamere, and that whither you are going may be kept unknown to him. But tell me,” continued he, “what I am to say to poor Maloney?”

“That you are astonished at his insolence in daring to lift his eyes to a person bearing the name of Mowbray; and shocked at his falsehood in presuming to assert that I ever encouraged his impertinent pretensions!”

This

This effort of spirit exhausted all the courage Emmeline had been able to raise. She arose, and attempted to reach the door; but overcome by the violence of her agitation, was obliged to sit down in a chair near it.

She could no longer restrain the tears which were extorted from her by the mortifying scene she had passed through: and her deep sighs, which seemed ready to burst her heart, excited the compassion of Lord Montreville; who, were his ambition was not in question, was not void of humanity. The violent and artless sorrow of a beautiful young woman, whose fate seemed to be in his power, affected him.

He took her hand with kindness, and told her "he was sorry to have said any thing that appeared harsh."

His Lordship added, "that he would have her write to Mrs. Watkins; that a servant should be sent with the letter; and that on condition of her concealing her abode from Delamere, she should be supplied

supplied with an annual income equal to all her wants."

Then hearing Delamere's gun, which he always discharged before he entered the house, he hastened Emmeline away, desiring she would remain in her own apartment; where every thing necessary should be sent to her.

CHAPTER V.

DELAMERE and Fitz Edward soon after entered the parlour where Lord Montreville remained. He received his son with a coldness to which, tho' little accustomed to it, Delamere paid no attention.

Despotic as this beloved son had always been in the family, he felt not the least apprehension that he had really offended his father; or feeling it, knew that his displeasure would be so short liv'd that it was not worth any concern.

"Here,

“ Here, Fitz-Edward,” said he—“ here
 “ is my father angry with me for making
 “ love to my cousin Emmy. Faith, Sir,”
 (turning to Lord Montreville,) “ I think
 “ I have the most reason to be angry at
 “ being brought into such dangerous com-
 “ pany ; tho’ your Lordship well knows
 “ how devilishly susceptible I am, and that
 “ ever since I was ten years old I have
 “ been dying for some nymph or other.”

“ I know that you are a strange incon-
 “ siderate boy,” answered Lord Montre-
 ville, very gravely ; —“ but I must beg,
 “ Frederic, to hear no more idle raillery
 “ on the subject of Miss Mowbray.”

To this, Delamere gave some slight
 answer ; and the discourse was led by his
 Lordship to some other topic.

Fitz-Edward, who was about five years
 older than Delamere, concealed, under
 the appearance of candour and non-cha-
 lance, the libertinism of his character. He
 had entered very young into the army ;
 the younger son of an Irish peer ; and had
 contracted his loose morals by being thrown
 too

too early into the world ; for his heart was not originally bad.

With a very handsome person, he had the most insinuating manners, and an address so truly that of a man of fashion, as immediately prejudiced in his favour those by whom he wished to be thought well of. Where he desired to please, he seldom failed of pleasing extremely ; and his conversation was, in the general commerce of the world, elegant and attractive.

Delamere was very fond of his company ; and Lord Montreville encouraged the intimacy : for of whatever fashionable vices Fitz-Edward was guilty, he contrived, by a sort of sentimental hypocrisy, to prevent their being known to, or at least offensive to those, whose good opinion it was his interest to cultivate.

Delamere was of a character very opposite. Accustomed from his infancy to the most boundless indulgences, he never formed a wish, the gratification of which he expected to be denied : and if such a disappointment happened, he gave way to an
impetuosity

impetuosity of disposition that he had never been taught to restrain, and which gave an appearance of ferocity to a temper not otherwise bad.

He was generous, candid, and humane; and possessed many other good qualities, but the defects of his education had obscured them.

Lady Montreville, who beheld in her only son the last male heir of a very ancient and illustrious house, and who hoped to see all its glories revive in him, could never be prevailed upon to part with him. He had therefore a tutor in the house; and his parents themselves accompanied him abroad. And the weakness of Lady Montreville in regard to her son, encreased rather than diminished with his encreasing years.

Her fondness was gratified in seeing the perfections of his person, (which was a very fine one) while to the imperfections of his temper she was entirely blind.

His father was equally fond of him; and looked up to the accumulated titles and
united

united fortunes of his own and his wife's families, as the point where all his ambitious views would attain their consummation.

To watch over the conduct of this only son, seemed now to be the sole business of his Lordship's life: and 'till now, he had no reason to fear that his solicitude for his final establishment would be attended with so little effect. Except a few youthful indiscretions, which were overlooked or forgiven, Delamere had shewn no inclinations that seemed inimical to his father's views; and Lord Montreville hoped that his present passion for Emmeline would be forgotten as easily as many other transient attachments which his youth, and warmth of temper, had led him into.

At dinner, Delamere enquired "whether his charming cousin was always to remain a prisoner in her own room?"

To which Lord Montreville answered, "that it had been her custom; and as
"there

“there was no lady with them, it was better she should continue it.”

He then changed the discourse; and contrived to keep Delamere in sight the whole afternoon; and by that means prevented any further enquiries after Emmeline; who now, entirely confined to her turret, impatiently awaited the return of the messenger who had been sent to Swansea.

Delamere, in the mean time, had lingered frequently about the housekeeper's room, in hopes of seeing Emmeline; but she never appeared.

He applied to Mrs. Garnet for intelligence of her: but she had received orders from Lord Montreville not to satisfy his enquiries. He employed his servants therefore to discover where she was usually to be found, and by their means was at length informed in what part of the castle her apartment lay; and that there was a design actually on foot to send her away, but whither he could not learn.

The answer brought from Mrs. Watkins, by the man who had been sent to Swansea, expressed

expressed her readiness to take the boarder offered her.

This intelligence Lord Montreville communicated himself to Emmeline ; who received it with such artless satisfaction, that his Lordship, who had before doubted whether some degree of coquetry was not concealed under the apparent ingenuous innocence of his niece, now believed he had judged too hastily.

It remained to be considered how she could be conveyed from Mowbray Castle without the knowledge of Delamere. She was herself ignorant of every thing beyond it's walls, and could therefore be of no use in the consultation. His Lordship had, however, entrusted Fitz-Edward with his uneasiness about Delamere ; at which the former only laughed ; and said he by no means believed that any serious consequences were to be apprehended : that it was mere badinage ; of which he was sure Delamere would think no more after they left Mowbray Castle ; and that it was not a matter which his Lordship should allow to make him uneasy.

Lord

Lord Montreville however, who thought he could not too soon remedy his own indiscretion in introducing Emmeline to his son, determined to embrace the opportunity of putting an end to any future correspondence between them: he therefore insisted on a promise of secrecy from Fitz-Edward; and had recourse to Headly, who from a frequent residence among the great was the most accommodating and obsequious of their servants.

As he was about to leave the castle in a few days, he offered his services to convey Miss Mowbray from thence, in a chaise of which he was master. This proposal was eagerly accepted by Lord Montreville. And enjoining Mr. Headly also to secrecy, it was fixed that their journey should begin the next morning save one.

Emmeline had notice of this arrangement, which she received with the liveliest joy. She immediately set about such preparations as were necessary for her journey, in which she employed that and the re-

maining day; which had been destined by Lord Montreville to visit another estate that he possessed, at the distance of about twelve miles; whither Delamere and the whole party accompanied him.

Delamere had discovered, by his servants, that to remove Emmeline was in agitation; and he determined to see her again in spite of his father's precaution (which in fact only served to encrease his desire of declaring his sentiments); but he had no idea that she was to depart so soon, and therefore was content to go with his father, at his particular request.

It was late in the evening preceding that on which Emmeline was to leave the castle; before they returned to it; and she was still busied in providing for her journey; in doing which, she was obliged to open one of the caskets left her by Mrs. Carey. It contained miniatures of her father and her mother, which had been drawn at Paris before her birth; and several letters written by Mrs. Mowbray,

bray, her grandmother, to her mother, in consequence of the fatal step she had taken in quitting the protection of that Lady, who had brought her up, to accompany Mr. Mowbray abroad.

These, Emmeline had never yet seen; nor had she now courage entirely to peruse them. The little she read, however, filled her heart with the most painful sensations and her eyes with tears.

While she was employed in her little arrangements, time passed insensibly away. She heard the hollow sound of shutting the great doors at the other end of the castle, as was usual before the servants retired for the night: but attentive only to what was at present her greatest concern, (making room for some favourite books in the box she meant to take with her,) she heeded not the hour.

A total silence had long reigned in the castle, and her almost extinguished candle told her it was time to take some repose, when, as she was preparing to do so, she

thought she heard a rustling, and indistinct footsteps in the passage near her room.

She started—listened—but all was again profoundly silent; and she supposed it had been only one of those unaccountable noises which she had been used to hear along the dreary avenues of the castle. She began anew to unpin her hair, when a second time the same noise in the passage alarmed her. She listened again; and while she continued attentive, the great clock struck two.

Amazed to find it so late, her terror increased; yet she endeavoured to reason herself out of it, and to believe that it was the effect of fancy: she heard it no more; and had almost determined to go out into the passage to satisfy herself that her fears were groundless, when just as she approached the door, the whispers were renewed; she saw the lock move, and heard a violent push against it.

The

The door, however, was locked. Which was no sooner perceived by the assailant, than a violent effort with his foot forced the rusty decayed work to give way, and Mr. Delamere burst into the room!

Emmeline was infinitely too much terrified to speak: nor could her trembling limbs support her. She sat down;—the colour forsook her cheeks; and she was not sensible that Delamere had thrown himself at her feet, and was pouring forth the most vehement and incoherent expressions that frantic passion could dictate.

Recovering her recollection, she beheld Delamere kneeling before her, holding her hands in his; and Millefleur standing behind him with a candle. She attempted to speak; but the words died away on her lips: while Delamere, shocked at the situation into which he had thrown her, protested that he meant her not the smallest offence; but that having learnt, by means of his valet, that she was to go the next morning, and that his father intended to

keep him ignorant of her future destiny, he could not bear to reflect that he might lose her for ever; and had therefore taken the only means in his power to speak to her, in hopes of engaging her pity, for which he would hazard every thing.

“Leave me, Sir! leave me!” said Emmeline, in a voice scarcely articulate. Leave me instantly, or I will alarm the “house!”

“That is almost impossible!” replied Delamere; “but I will not terrify you more than I have done already. No, “Emmeline, I wish not to alarm you, “and will quit you instantly if you will “tell me that wheresoever you are, you “will permit me to see you; and will “remember me with pity and regard! “My father shall not—cannot controul “my conduct; nor shall all the power on “earth prevent my following you, if you “will yourself permit me. Tell me, Emmeline,—tell me you will not forget “me!”

“As

" As what, Sir, should I remember
 " you, but as my persecutor? as one who
 " has injured me beyond reparation by
 " your wild and cruel conduct; and who
 " has now dared to insult me by a most
 " unparalleled outrage.—Leave me, Sir!
 " I repeat to you that you must instantly
 " quit the room!"

She arose, and walked with tottering
 steps to the end of it. Delamere followed
 her. She turned; and came towards the
 door, which was still open, and then re-
 collected, that as she knew the passages of
 the castle, which she was convinced nei-
 ther Delamere or his servant did, she
 might possibly escape, and find Lord Mon-
 treville's room, which she knew to be at
 the end of the East gallery.

Delamere was a few steps behind her
 when she reached the door; which hastily
 throwing quite open, she ran lightly thro'
 the passage, which was very long and dark.

He pursued her, imploring her to hear
 him but a moment; and the Frenchman
 as hastily followed his master with the can-

dle. But at the end of the passage, a flight of broken steps led to a brick hall, which opened to other stair-cases and galleries.

A gust of wind blew out the candle; and Emmeline, gliding down the steps, turning to the right, and opening a heavy nailed door, which led by a narrow stairs to the East gallery, she let it fall after her.

Delamere, now in total darkness, tried in vain to follow the sound. He listened—but no longer heard the foot-steps of the trembling fugitive; and cursing his fate and the stupidity of Millefleur, he endeavoured to find his way back to Emmeline's room, where he thought a candle was still burning. But his attempt was vain. He walked round the hall only to puzzle himself; for the door by which he had entered it, he could not regain.

In the mean time Emmeline, breathless with fear, had reached the gallery, and feeling her way 'till she came as she supposed to the door of the room where Lord Montreville slept, she tapped lightly at it.

A man's

A man's voice asked who it was?

"It is I, my Lord," cried Emmeline, hardly able to make herself heard.—"Mr. Delamere pursues me."

Somebody opened the door.—But there was no light; and Emmeline retiring a step from it, the person again asked who it was?

"It is Emmeline," replied she; who now first recollected that the voice was not that of Lord Montreville.—She flew therefore towards the next door, with exclamations of increased terror; but Lord Montreville, who was now awakened, appeared at it with a lamp in his hand; and Emmeline, in answer to his question of what is the matter? endeavoured to say that she was pursued by Mr. Delamere; but fear had so entirely overcome her, that she could only sigh out his name; and gasping like a dying person, sat down on a bench which was near the door.

Fitz Edward, who was the person she had first spoken to, had by this time dressed

E 5 himself,

himself, and came to her with a glass of water out of his room; while Lord Montreville, hearing his son's name so inarticulately pronounced, and seeing the speechless affright in which Emmeline sat before him, conceived the most alarming apprehensions, and believed that his son was either dead or dying.

With great difficulty he summoned up courage enough, again to beg for heaven's sake she would tell him what had occasioned her to leave her room at such an hour?

She again exclaimed, "it is Mr. Delamere, my Lord!"

"What of Mr. Delamere?—what of my son?" cried he, with infinite agitation.

"Save me from him my Lord!" answered Emmeline, a little recovered by the water she had drank.

"Where is he then?" said his Lordship.

"I know not," replied Emmeline; "but he came to my room with his servant,"

“ want, and I flew hither to implore your
“ protection.”

Fitz Edward intreated Lord Montreville to be more calm, and to give Miss Mowbray time to recollect herself. He offered to go in search of Delamere; but his Lordship was in too much anxiety to be satisfied with any enquiries but his own.

He therefore said he would go down himself; but Emmeline catching his hand, entreated him not to leave her.

At this moment the voices of Delamere and his man were heard echoing through the whole side of the castle; for wearied with their fruitless attempts to escape, they both called for lights in no very gentle tone.

Lord Montreville easily distinguished from whence the noise came; and followed by Emmeline, whom Fitz-Edward supported, he descended into the brick hall from whence Emmeline had effected her escape, where he found Delamere trembling with passion, and Millefleur with fear.

Lord Montreville could not conceal his anger and resentment.—

“How comes it, Sir,” cried he, addressing himself to his son, “that you dare thus to insult a person who is under my protection? What excess of madness and folly has tempted you to violate the retirement of Miss Mowbray?”

“I mean not, my Lord,” answered Delamere, “to attempt a concealment of my sentiments. I love Miss Mowbray; passionately love her; and scorn to dissimulate. I know you had a design to send her from hence; clandestinely to send her; and I determined that she should not go ’till I had declared my attachment to her, which I found you endeavoured assiduously to prevent. You may certainly remove her from hence; but I protest to you, that wherever she is, there I will endeavour to see her, in spite of the universe.”

Lord Montreville now felt all the force of the error he had committed in that bound-

boundless indulgence to which he had accustomed his son. In the first instance of any consequence in which their wishes differed, he saw him ready to throw off the restraint of paternal authority, and daring to avow his resolution to act as he pleased.

This mortifying reflection arose in his mind, while, with a look of mingled anger and amazement he beheld Delamere, who having ordered Millefleur to light his candle, snatched it from him, and hastily retired.

Emmeline, who had stood trembling the whole time behind Lord Montreville, besought him to ring up the housekeeper, and direct her to stay with her for the rest of the night; for she declared she would on no account remain in her own room alone.

His Lordship recommending her to the care of Fitz-Edward, went himself in search of the housekeeper; and Emmeline refusing to seek a more commodious apartment, sat down in one of the windows of the hall to wait his return.

Fitz-

Fitz Edward, to whom she had yet hardly spoken, now entertained her with a profusion of compliments, almost as warm as those she had heard from Delamere; but her spirits, quite exhausted by the terror which had so lately possessed them, could no longer support her; she was unable to give an answer of common civility, and was very glad to see Lord Montreville return with Mrs. Garnet; who, extremely discomposed at being disturbed and obliged to appear in her night-cap, followed her, grumbling, into her room; where, as Emmeline refused to go to it herself, she took possession of her bed, and soon falling into a profound sleep, left it's melancholy owner to her sad reflections.

She had not been many minutes indulging them, and wishing for the return of light, before somebody was again at the door. Emmeline still apprehending Delamere, stepped to it; and was astonished to see Lord Montreville himself.

He entered the room; and told her, that as his son knew of her journey in the morning,

ing, he would probably try some means to prevent it, or at least to trace out her abode; that it was therefore absolutely necessary for her to be ready by day break or before, for which he had prepared Mr. Headly; who was up, and getting ready to set out as soon as there was light enough to make it safe.

Emmeline, who thought she could not be gone too soon, now hastily finished the remainder of her packing; and having dressed herself for her journey, which notwithstanding her sleepless night she rejoiced to find so near, she waited with impatience 'till Mr. Headly summoned her to go.

C H A P.

CHAPTER VI.

THE sun no sooner appeared above the horizon, than her conductor was ready with his one-horse chair: and Emmeline being seated in it, and her little baggage adjusted, she left the door of the castle; where Maloney, who saw his favourite hopes vanish as he feared for ever, stood with a rueful countenance to behold her departure.

However desirous she was of quitting a residence which had long been uneasy to her, and which was now become so extremely improper, such is the force of early habit, that she could not bid it adieu without being greatly affected.

There she had passed her earliest infancy, and had known, in that period of unconscious happiness, many delightful hours which would return no more.

It

It was endeared to her by the memory of that good friend who had supplied to her the place of a parent; from whom alone she had ever heard the soothing voice of maternal solicitude. And as she passed by the village church, which had been formerly the chapel of the monastery, and joined the castle walls, she turned her eyes, filled with tears, towards the spot where the remains of Mrs. Carey were deposited, and sighed deeply; a thousand tender and painful recollections crowding on her heart.

As she left the village, several women and children, who had heard she was going that day, were already waiting to bid her farewell; considering her as the last of that family, by whom they had been employed when in health, and relieved when in sickness; they lamented her departure as their greatest misfortune.

The present possessor of the castle bore not the name of Mowbray, and was not at all interested for the peasantry, among whom he was a stranger; they therefore, in losing
Em-

Emmeline, seemed to lose the last of the race of their ancient benefactors.

Emmeline, affected by their simple expressions of regret, returned their good wishes with tears; and as soon as the chaise drove out of the village, again fixed her eyes on the habitation she had quitted.

It's venerable towers rising above the wood in which it was almost embosomed, made one of the most magnificent features of a landscape, which now appeared in sight.

The road lay along the side of what would in England be called a mountain; at it's feet rolled the rapid stream that washed the castle walls, foaming over fragments of rock; and bounded by a wood of oak and pine; among which the ruins of the monastery, once an appendage to the castle, reared it's broken arches; and marked by grey and mouldering walls, and mounds covered with slight vegetation, it was traced to it's connection with the castle itself, still frowning in gothic magnificence; and stretching over several acres of ground: the
citadel,

citadel, which was totally in ruins and covered with ivy, crowning the whole. Farther to the West, beyond a bold and rocky shore, appeared the sea; and to the East, a chain of mountains which seemed to meet the clouds; while on the other side, a rich and beautiful vale, now variegated with the mellowed tints of the declining year, spread its enclosures, 'till it was lost again among the blue and barren hills.

Headly declaimed eloquently on the charms of the prospect, which gradually unveiled itself as the autumnal mist disappeared. But Emmeline, tho' ever alive to the beauties of nature, was too much occupied by her own melancholy reflections to attend to the animadversions of her companion.

She saw nothing but the castle, of which she believed she was now taking an eternal adieu; and her looks were fixed on it, 'till the road winding down the hill on the other side, concealed it from her sight.

Headly

Headly imputed her sadness to a very different cause than that of an early and long attachment to a particular spot. He supposed that regret at being obliged to leave Delamere, to whose passion he could not believe her insensible, occasioned the melancholy that overwhelmed her. He spoke to her of him, and affected to lament the uneasiness which so violent and ungovernable a temper in an only son, might occasion to his family. He then talked of the two young ladies, his sisters, whom he described as the finest young women in the country, and as highly accomplished. Emmeline sighed at the comparison between *their* situation and her own.

After some hours travelling through roads which made it very fatiguing, they arrived at a little obscure house of entertainment, and after some refreshment, continued their journey unmolested.

Delamere arose early, and calling for Millefleur, enquired at what hour Miss Mowbray was to go. On hearing that she

he had left the castle more than an hour, his rage and vexation broke through all the respect he owed his father; who being acquainted by his valet of his resolution immediately to follow the chaise, entered the room. He remonstrated with him at first with great warmth; but Delamere, irritated by contradiction, obstinately adhered to his resolution of immediately pursuing the travellers.

Lord Montreville, finding that opposition rather encreased than remedied the violence of his son's passionate sallies, determined to try what persuasion would do; and Delamere, whose temper was insensible to the threats of anger, yielded to remonstrance when softened by paternal affection; and consented to forego his intention if Lord Montreville would tell him where Emmeline was gone.

His Lordship, who probably thought this one of those instances in which falsehood is excuseable if not meritorious, told him, with affected reluctance, that she was
gone

gone to board at Bridgenorth, with Mrs. Watkins, the sister of old Carey.

As this account was extremely probable, Delamere readily believed it; and having with some difficulty been prevailed upon to pass his word that he would not immediately take any steps to see her, tranquillity was for the present restored to the castle.

Emmeline in the mean time, after a long and weary journey, arrived at Swansea. Mrs. Watkins, who expected her, received her in a little but very neat habitation, which consisted of a small room by way of parlour, not unlike the cabin of a packet boat, and a bed-chamber over it of the same dimensions. Of these apartments, Emmeline took possession. Her conductor took leave of her; and she now wished to be able to form some opinion of her new hostess; whose countenance, which extremely resembled that of Mrs. Carey, had immediately prejudiced her in her favour.

Being

Being assured by Lord Montreville of every liberal payment for the board and lodging of Miss Mowbray, she received her with a degree of civility almost oppressive: but Emmeline, who soon found that she possessed none of that warmth of heart and lively interest in the happiness of others which so much endeared to her the memory of her former friend, was very glad when after a few days the good woman returned with her usual avidity to the regulation of her domestic matters, and suffered Emmeline to enjoy that solitude which she knew so well how to employ.

Delamere, still lingering at the castle, where he seemed to stay for no other reason than because he had there seen Emmeline, was pensive, restless, and absent; and Lord Montreville saw with great alarm that this impression was less likely to be effaced by time and absence than he had supposed.

Fitz-Edward, obliged to go to Ireland to his regiment for some time, had taken leave of them; and the impatience of Lord Mon-

Montreville to return to town was encreased by repeated letters from his wife.

Delamere however still evaded it; hoping that his father would set out without him, and that he should by that means have an opportunity of going to Bridgenorth, where he determined to solicit Emmeline to consent to a Scottish expedition, and persuaded himself he should not meet a refusal.

At length Lady Montreville, yet more alarmed at the delay, directed her eldest daughter to write to his Lordship, and to give such an account of her health as should immediately oblige the father and son to return.

Delamere, after such a letter, could not refuse to depart; and comforting himself that he might be able soon to escape from the observation of his family, and put his project in execution, he consented to begin his journey. He determined, however, to write to Miss Mowbray, and to desire her to direct her answer under cover to a friend in London.

He

He did so; and addressed it to her at Mrs. Watkins's, at Bridgenorth: but soon after his arrival in town, the letter was returned to the place from which it was dated; having been opened at the office in consequence of no such person as Miss Mowbray or Mrs. Watkins being to be found there.

Delamere saw he had been deceived; but to complain was fruitless: he had therefore no hope of discovering where Emmeline was, but by lying in wait for some accidental intelligence.

The family usually passed the Christmas recess at their seat in Norfolk; whither Delamere, who at first tried to avoid being of the party, at length agreed to accompany them, on condition of his being allowed to perform an engagement he had made with Mr. Percival for a fortnight. Part of this time he determined to employ in seeing Headly, who did not live above thirty miles from thence; hoping from him to obtain intelligence of Emmeline's abode. And that no suspicion might remain on the mind

of his father, he affected to reassume his usual gaiety, and was to all appearance as volatile and dissipated as ever.

While the family were in Norfolk, their acquaintance was warmly renewed with that of Sir Francis Devereux, who was lately returned from a residence on the Continent, whither he had been to complete the education of his two daughters, heiresses to his fortune, on the embellishment of whose persons and manners all the modern elegancies of education had been lavished.

They were rather pretty women; and of a family almost as ancient and illustrious as that of Mr. Delamere. Their fortunes were to be immense; and either of them would have been a wife for Delamere, the choice of whom would greatly have gratified the families on both sides.

Infinite pains were taken to bring the young people frequently together; and both the ladies seemed to allow that Delamere was a conquest worthy their ambition.

As he never refused to entertain them with every appearance of gallantry and vivacity,

vacuity, Lord Montreville flattered himself that at length Emmeline was forgotten; and ventured to propose to his son, a marriage with whichever of the Miss Devereux's he should prefer.

To which, Delamere, who had long foreseen the proposal, answered coldly, "that he was not inclined to marry at all; or if he did, it should not be one of those over-educated puppets."

So far were their acquisitions from having made any impression on his heart, that the frivolous turn of their minds, the studied ornaments of their persons, and the affected refinement of their manners, made him only recollect with more passionate admiration, that native elegance of person and mind which he had seen only in the Orphan of Mowbray Castle.

CHAPTER. VII.

THERE was, in the person and manner of Emmeline, something so interesting, that those who were little accustomed to attach themselves to any one, were insensibly disposed to love her, and to become solicitous for her welfare.

Even the insensibility with which long and uninterrupted prosperity had encased the heart of Lord Montreville, was not entirely proof against her attractive powers; and when he no longer apprehended the effect of her encreasing charms on his son, he suffered himself to feel a degree of pity and even of affection for her.

He therefore heard with pleasure that she was contented in her present situation; and was convinced she had kept her word in not giving any intelligence of her residence to Delamere. To shew his approbation of her
her

her conduct, he directed a person in town to send her down a small collection of books ; some materials for drawing ; and other trifles which he thought would be acceptable.

Emmeline, charmed with such acquisitions, felt the most lively gratitude for her benefactor ; and having fitted up her little cabin extremely to her satisfaction, she found, in the occupation these presents afforded her, all that she wished, to engage her attention, and gratify her taste.

Sensible of the defects of her education, she applied incessantly to her books ; for of every useful and ornamental feminine employment she had long since made herself mistress without any instruction.

She endeavoured to cultivate a genius for drawing, which she inherited from her father ; but for want of knowing a few general rules, what she produced had more of elegance and neatness than correctness and knowledge.

She knew nothing of the science of

music ; but her voice was soft and sweet, and her ear exquisite. The simple songs, therefore, she had acquired by it, she sung with a pathos which made more impression on her hearers than those studied graces learned by long application, which excite wonder rather than pleasure.

Time, thus occupied, passed lightly away ; Spring arrived almost imperceptibly, and brought again weather which enabled Emmeline to reassume her walks along the shore or among the rocks, and to indulge that contemplative turn of mind which she had acquired in the solitude of Mowbray Castle.

It was on a beautiful morning of the month of April, that, taking a book with her as usual, she went down to the sea side, and sat reading for some hours ; when, just as she was about to return home, she saw a lovely little boy, about five years old, wandering towards the place where she was, picking up shells and sea weeds, and appearing

pearing to be so deeply engaged in his infantine pursuit, that he did not see her 'till she spoke to him.

“ Whose sweet little boy are you, my “ love ?” said she.

The child looked at her with surprise.

“ I am my mama’s boy,” said he, “ and “ so is Henry,” pointing towards another who now approached, and who seemed hardly a year younger.

The second running up to his brother, caught his hand, and they both walked away together, looking behind at the strange lady with some degree of alarm.

Their dress convinced Emmeline that they belonged to a stranger ; and as they seemed to have nobody with them, she was under some apprehension for their safety, and therefore arose to follow them, when on turning round the point of a rock whose projection had concealed the shore to the left, she saw a lady walking slowly before her, whom the two little boys had now rejoined. In her hand she held a little girl,

who seemed only learning to walk ; and she was followed by a nursery maid, who held in her arms another, yet an infant at the breast.

The stranger, near whom Emmeline was obliged to pass, curtsied to her as she went by. And if Emmeline was surpris'd at the early appearance of company at a time when she knew it to be so unusual, the stranger was much more so at the uncommon elegance of her form and manner : she was almost tempted to believe the fable of the sea nymphs, and to fancy her one of them.

Emmeline, on regaining her apartment, heard from the hostess, whom she found with another neighbour, that the lady she had seen arriv'd the evening before, and had taken lodgings at the house of the latter, with an intention of staying great part of the summer.

The next day Emmeline again met the stranger ; who accosting the fair orphan with all that ease which characterises the address of those who have lived much in
good

good company, they soon entered into conversation, and Emmeline almost as soon discovered that her new acquaintance possessed an understanding as excellent as her person and address were captivating.

She appeared to be not more than five or six and twenty : but her person seemed to have suffered from sorrow that diminution of its charms, which time could not yet have effected. Her complexion was faded and wan ; her eyes had lost their lustre ; and a pensive and languid expression sat on her countenance.

After the first conversation, the two ladies found they liked each other so well, that they met by agreement every day. Emmeline generally went early to the lodgings of Mrs. Stafford, and stayed the whole day with her ; charmed to have found in her new friend, one who could supply to her all the deficiencies of her former instructors.

To a very superior understanding, Mrs. Stafford added the advantages of a polished education, and all that ease of manner,

which the commerce of fashion can supply. She had read a great deal; and her mind, originally elegant and refined, was highly cultivated, and embellished with all the knowledge that could be acquired from the best authors in the modern languages. Her disposition seemed to have been naturally cheerful; for a ray of vivacity would frequently light up her countenance, and a lively and agreeable conversation call forth all it's animated gaiety. But it seldom lasted long. Some settled uneasiness lay lurking in her heart; and when it recurred forcibly to her, as it frequently did in the midst of the most interesting discourse, a cloud of sorrow obscured the brilliancy of her countenance and language, and she became pensive, silent, and absent.

Emmeline observed this with concern; but was not yet intimate enough with her to enquire or discover the cause.

Sometimes, when she was herself occupied in drawing, or some other pursuit in which Mrs. Stafford delighted to instruct her,

her, she saw that her friend, believing herself unobserved, gave way to all the melancholy that oppressed her heart; and as her children were playing round her, she would gaze mournfully on them 'till the tears streamed down her cheeks.

By degrees the utmost confidence took place between them on every subject but one: Mrs. Stafford never dwelt on the cause, whatever it was, which occasioned her to be so frequently uneasy; nor did she ever complain of being so: but she listened with the warmest interest to the little tale Emmeline had to relate, and told her in return as much of her own history as she thought it necessary for her to know.

Emmeline found that she was not a widow, as she had at first supposed; for she spoke sometimes of her husband, and said she expected him at Swansea. She had been married at a very early age; and they now generally resided at an house which Mr. Stafford's father, who was still living, had purchased for them in Dorsetshire.

“ I came hither,” said she, “ thus
“ early in the year, at Mr. Stafford’s re-
“ quest, who is fond of improvements and
“ alterations, and who intends this sum-
“ mer to add considerably to our house ;
“ which is already too large, I think, for
“ our present fortune. I was glad to get
“ away from the confusion of workmen,
“ to which I have an aversion ; and anxi-
“ ous to let Charles and Henry, who had
“ the measles in the Autumn and who have
“ been frequently ill since, have a long
“ course of sea-bathing. I might indeed
“ have gone to Weymouth or some nearer
“ place ; but I wish to avoid general com-
“ pany, which I could not have done
“ where I am sure of meeting so many of
“ my acquaintance. I rejoice now at
“ my preference of Swansea, since it has
“ been the means of my knowing you,
“ my dear Emmeline.”

“ And I, Madam,” returned Emme-
line, “ have reason to consider the concur-
“ rence of circumstances that brought you
“ here as the most fortunate for me.
“ Yet

“ Yet I own to you, that the charm of
 “ such society is accompanied with great
 “ pain, in anticipating the hour when I
 “ must again return to that solitude I
 “ have ’till now considered as my greatest
 “ enjoyment.”

“ Ah! my dear girl!” replied Mrs.
 Stafford, “ check in it’s first appearance a
 “ propensity which I see you frequently
 “ betray, to anticipate displeasing or un-
 “ fortunate events. When you have lived
 “ a few years longer, you will, I fear,
 “ learn, that every day has evils enough
 “ of it’s own, and that it is well for us we
 “ know nothing of those which are yet to
 “ come. I speak from experience; for I,
 “ when not older than you now are, had a
 “ perpetual tendency to fancy future cala-
 “ mities, and embittered by that means
 “ many of those hours which would other-
 “ wise have been really happy. Yet has
 “ not my pre-sentiments, tho’ most of them
 “ have been unhappily verified, enabled
 “ me to avoid one of those thorns with
 “ which my path has been thickly strewn.”

Emmeline

Emmeline hoped now to hear what hand had strewn them.

Mrs. Stafford, sighing deeply, fell into a reverie; and continuing long silent, Emmeline could not resolve to renew a conversation so evidently painful to her.

It was now six weeks since she had first seen Mrs. Stafford, and the hours had passed in a series of felicity of which she had 'till then formed no idea.

Mrs. Stafford, delighted with the lively attachment of her young friend, was charmed to find herself capable of adorning her ingenuous and tender mind with all that knowledge which books or the world had qualified her to impart.

They read together every day: Emmeline, under the tuition of her charming preceptress, had made some progress in French and Italian; and she was amazed at her own success in drawing since she had received from Mrs. Stafford rules of which she was before ignorant.

As the summer advanced, a few stragglers came in, and it was no longer wonderful

derful to see a stranger. But Mrs. Stafford and Miss Mowbray, perfectly satisfied with each other, sought not to enlarge their society: They sometimes held short conversations with the transient visitants of the place, but more usually avoided those walks where it was likely they should meet them.

Early one morning, they were returning from the bathing place together, muffled up in their morning dresses. They had seen at a distance two gentlemen, whom they did not particularly notice; and Emeline, leaning on the arm of her friend, was again anticipating all she should suffer when the hour came which would separate them, and recollecting the different company and conversation to which she had been condemned from the death of Mrs. Carey to her quitting Mowbray Castle—

“ You have not only taught me, my
 “ dear Mrs. Stafford,” said she, “ to
 “ dread more than ever being thrown
 “ back into such company; but you have
 “ also made me fear that I shall never
 “ relish the general conversation of the
 “ world,

“ world. As I disliked the manners of
“ an inferior description of people when I
“ first knew them, because they did not
“ resemble those of the dear good woman
“ who brought me up; so I shall un-
“ doubtedly be disappointed and dissatis-
“ fied with the generality of those ac-
“ quaintance I may meet with; for I am
“ afraid there are as few Mrs. Staffords
“ in your rank of life as there were Mrs.
“ Careys in her’s. However, there is no
“ great likelihood, I believe, at present,
“ of my being convinced how little they
“ resemble you; for it is not probable I
“ shall be taken from hence.”

“ Perhaps,” answered Mrs. Stafford,
“ you might be permitted to stay some
“ months next winter with me. I shall
“ pass the whole of it in the country; the
“ greatest part of it probably alone; and
“ such a companion would assist in charm-
“ ing away many of those hours, which
“ now, tho’ I have more resources than
“ most people, sometimes are heavy and
“ melancholy. My children are not yet
“ old

“ old enough to be my companions; and
 “ I know not how it is, but I have often
 “ more pain than pleasure in being with
 “ them. When I remember, or when I
 “ feel, how little happiness there is in the
 “ world, I tremble for their future destiny;
 “ and in the excess of affection, regret
 “ having introduced them into a scene of
 “ so much pain as I have hitherto found
 “ it. But tell me, Emmeline, do you
 “ think if I apply to Lord Montreville he
 “ will allow you to pass some time with
 “ me?”

“ Dear Madam,” said Emmeline, eagerly, “ what happiness do you offer me!
 “ Lord Montreville would certainly think
 “ me highly honoured by such an invitation.”

“ Shall I answer for Lord Montreville,”
 said a voice behind them, “ as his immediate representative?”

Emmeline started; and turning quickly, beheld Mr. Delamere and Fitz-Edward.

Delamere caught her hands in his.

“ Have

“ Have I then found you, my lovely
“ cousin ?” cried he.—“ Oh ! happiness
“ unexpected !”

He was proceeding with even more than
his usual vehemence ; but Fitz-Edward
thought it necessary to stop him.

“ You promised, Frederic, before I con-
“ sented to come with you, that you would
“ desist from these extravagant flights.
“ Come, I beg Miss Mowbray may be
“ permitted to speak to her other acquaint-
“ tance ; and that she will do us both the
“ honour to introduce us to her friend.”

Emmeline had lost all courage and re-
collection on the appearance of Delamere.
Mrs. Stafford saw her distress ; and as-
suming a cold and distant manner, she
said—“ Miss Mowbray, I apprehend from
“ what this gentleman has said, that he
“ has a message to you from Lord Mon-
“ treville.”

“ Has my Lord, Sir,” said Emme-
line to Delamere,—“ has my Lord Mon-
“ treville been so good as to honour me
“ with any commands ?”

“ Cruel

"Cruel girl!" answered he; "you know too well that my father is not acquainted with my being here."

"Then you certainly ought not to be here," said Emmeline, coolly; "and you must excuse me, Sir, if I beg the favor of you not to detain me, nor attempt to renew a conversation so very improper, indeed so cruelly injurious to me."

Mrs. Stafford had Emmeline's arm within her own, from the commencement of this conversation; and she now walked hastily on with her.

Delamere followed them, intreating to be heard; and Fitz-Edward, addressing himself on the other side to Mrs. Stafford, besought her in a half whisper to allow his friend only a few moments to explain himself to Miss Mowbray.

"No, Sir, I must be excused," answered she—"If Miss Mowbray does me the honour to consult me, I shall certainly advise her against committing such an indiscretion as listening to Mr. Delamere."

"Ah!

“ Ah! Madam!” said the colonel, throwing into his eyes and manner all that insinuation of which he was so perfect a master,
“ is it possible, that with a countenance
“ where softness and compassion seem to invite the unhappy to trust you with their
“ sorrows, you have a cruel and unfeeling heart? Lay by for a moment your barbarous prudence, in favour of my unfortunate friend; upon my honour, nothing
“ but the conviction that his life was at stake, would have induced me to accompany him hither; and I pledge myself for the propriety of his conduct. He
“ only begs to be forgiven by Miss Mowbray for his improper treatment of her at Mowbray Castle; to be assured she is in
“ health and safety; and to hear that she does not hate him for all the uneasiness
“ he has given her; and having done so, he promises to return to his family.
“ Upon my soul,” continued he, laying his hand upon his breast, “ I know not what
“ would have been the consequence, had
“ I not consented to assist him in deceiving
“ his

“ his family and coming hither : but I
 “ have reason to think he would have
 “ made some wild attempt to secure to
 “ himself more frequent interviews with
 “ Miss Mowbray ; and that a total disap-
 “ pointment of the project he had formed
 “ for seeing her, would have been attended
 “ with a violence of passion arising even to
 “ phrenzy.—Madness or death would per-
 “ haps have been the event.”

Mrs. Stafford turned her eyes on Fitz-
 Edward, with a look sufficiently expressive
 of incredulity—“ Does a modern man of
 “ fashion pretend to talk of madness and
 “ death? You certainly imagine, Sir, that
 “ you are speaking to some romantic in-
 “ habitant of a Welch provincial town,
 “ whose ideas are drawn from a circulating
 “ library, and confirmed by the conversa-
 “ tion of the captain in quarters.”

“ Ah, madam,” said he, “ I know not
 “ to whom I have the honour of addressing
 “ myself,” (though he knew perfectly
 well;) “ but I feel too certainly that mad-
 “ ness and death would be preferable to
 “ the

“ the misery such coldness and cruelty as
“ your’s would inflict on me, was it my
“ misfortune to love as violently as Dela-
“ mere; and indeed I tremble, lest in en-
“ deavouring to assist my friend I have
“ endangered myself.”

Of this speech, Mrs. Stafford, who believed he did not know her, took very little notice; and turning towards Emmeline, who had in the mean time been listening in trembling apprehension to the ardent declarations of Delamere, said it was time to return home.

Delamere, without attending to her hint, renewed his importunities for her friendship and interest with Miss Mowbray; to which, as soon as he would allow her to answer, she said very gravely—
“ Sir, as Miss Mowbray seems so much
“ alarmed at your pursuing her hither,
“ and as you must be yourself sensible of
“ it’s extreme impropriety, I hope you
“ will not lengthen an interview which
“ can only produce uneasiness for you
“ both.”

“ Let

“ Let us go home, for heaven’s sake!”
whispered Emmeline.

“ They are determined, you see, to follow us,” replied her friend; “ we will however go.”

By this time they were near the door; and Mrs. Stafford wishing the two gentlemen a good morning, was hurrying with Emmeline into the house; but Fitz-Edward took hold of her arm.

“ One word, only, madam, and we will intrude upon you no farther at present: say that you will suffer us to see you again to-morrow.”

“ Not if I can help it, be assured, Sir.”

“ Then, madam,” said Delamere, “ you must allow me to finish now what I have to say to Miss Mowbray.”

“ Good heaven! Sir,” exclaimed Emmeline, “ why will you thus persist in distressing me? You are perhaps known to Mrs. Watkins; your name will be at least known to her; and intelligence
“ of

“ of your being here will be instantly
“ sent to Lord Montreville.”

Emmeline, by no means aware that this speech implied a desire of concealment, the motives of which might appear highly flattering to Delamere, was soon made sensible of it's import by his answer.

“ Enough, my adorable Emmeline !” cried he eagerly, “ if I am worthy of a
“ thought of that sort, I am less wretched
“ than I believed myself. I will not now
“ insist on a longer audience ; but to-
“ morrow I must see you again.—Your
“ amiable friend here will intercede for
“ me.—I must not be refused ; and will
“ wish you a good day before you can
“ form so cruel a resolution.”

So saying, he bowed to Mrs. Stafford, kissed Emmeline's hand, and departed with Fitz Edward from the door.

C H A P.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE two fair friends no sooner entered the house, than Emmeline threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears.

“ Ah! my dear madam,” said she, sobbing, “ what will now become of me? “ Lord Montreville will believe I have “ corresponded with his son; he will “ withdraw all favour and confidence “ from me; and I shall be undone!”

“ Do not thus distress yourself,” said Mrs. Stafford, tenderly taking her hand— “ I hope the rash and cruel conduct of this “ young man will not have the conse- “ quences you apprehend. Lord Mon- “ treville, from your former conduct, will “ easily credit your not having encouraged “ this visit.”

“ Ah! my dear Mrs. Stafford,” replied

Emmeline, “ you do not know Lord
“ Montreville. He hastily formed a no-
“ tion that I made an appointment with
“ Mr. Delamere at Mowbray Castle, when
“ I had not even seen him above once;
“ and though, from my eagerness to leave
“ it, I believe he afterwards thought he had
“ been too hasty, yet so strong was that
“ first impression, that the slightest cir-
“ cumstance would, I know, renew it as
“ forcibly as ever: for he has one of those
“ tempers, which having once entertained
“ an idea of a person’s conduct or charac-
“ ter, never really alters it, though they
“ see the most convincing evidence of it’s
“ fallacy. Having once supposed I fa-
“ voured the addresses of Mr. Delamere,
“ as you know he did, at Mowbray Castle,
“ the present visit will convince him he
“ was right, and that I am the most art-
“ ful as well as the most ungrateful of
“ beings.”

Mrs. Stafford hesitated a moment, and
then said, “ I see all the evil you appre-
“ hend. To convince Lord Montreville
“ of

“ of your ignorance of Delamere’s design,
 “ and your total rejection of his clandestine
 “ addresses, suppose I were to write to
 “ him? He must be prejudiced and un-
 “ candid indeed, if after such information
 “ he is not convinced of your innocence.”

To this proposal, Emmeline consented, with assurances of the liveliest gratitude; and Mrs. Stafford returning to her lodgings, wrote the following letter to Lord Montreville:

Swansea, June 20.

“ My Lord,

“ A short abode at this place, has
 “ given me the pleasure of knowing Miss
 “ Mowbray, to whose worth and prudence
 “ I am happy to bear testimony. At the
 “ request of this amiable young woman, I
 “ am now to address your Lordship with
 “ information that Mr. Delamere came
 “ hither yesterday with Mr. Fitz-Edward,
 “ and has again renewed those addresses to
 “ Miss Mowbray which she knows to be so
 “ disagreeable to your Lordship, and which

“ cannot but be extremely prejudicial to
“ her. Circumstanced as she is at this
“ place, she cannot entirely avoid him;
“ but she hopes your Lordship will be
“ convinced how truly she laments the
“ pain this improper conduct of Mr. De-
“ lamere will give you, and she loses not
“ a moment in beseeching you to write
“ to him, or otherwise to interfere, in
“ prevailing on him to quit Swansea; and
“ to prevent his continuing to distress
“ her by a pursuit so unwelcome to you,
“ and so injurious to her honour and repose.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ my Lord,

“ your Lordship’s

“ most obedient servant,

“ C. STAFFORD.”

This letter being extremely approved of by Emmeline, was put into the next day’s post; and the two ladies set out for their walk at a very early hour, flattering themselves they should return before Delamere
and

and Fitz-Edward (who was lately raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel) were abroad. But in this they deceived themselves. They were again overtaken by their importunate pursuers, who had now agreed to vary the mode of their attack. Fitz-Edward, who knew the power of his insidious eloquence over the female heart, undertook to plead for his friend to Emmeline, while Delamere was to try to interest Mrs. Stafford, and engage her good offices in his behalf.

They no sooner joined the ladies, than Delamere said to the latter—"After the
 "discouraging reception of yesterday, no-
 "thing but being persuaded that your
 "heart will refuse to confirm the rigour
 "you think yourself obliged to adopt;
 "could make me venture, Madam, to so-
 "licit your favour with Miss Mowbray.
 "I now warmly implore it; and surely"—

"Can you believe, Sir," said Mrs. Stafford, interrupting him, "that I shall
 "ever influence Miss Mowbray to listen
 "to you; knowing, as I do, the aversion

“ of your family to your entertaining any
“ honourable views? and having reason to
“ believe you have yourself formed those
“ that are very different?”

“ You have no reason to believe so,
“ Madam,” interrupted Delamere in his
turn; “ and must wilfully mistake me,
“ as an excuse for your cold and unkind
“ manner of treating me. By heaven! I
“ love Emmeline with a passion as pure as
“ it is violent; and if she would but con-
“ sent to it, will marry her in opposition to
“ all the world. Assist me then, dear and
“ amiable Mrs. Stafford! assist me to con-
“ quer the unreasonable prejudice she has
“ conceived against a secret marriage!”

“ Never, Sir, will I counsel Miss Mow-
“ bray to accept such a proposal! never
“ will I advise her to unite herself with
“ one whose family disdain to receive her!
“ and by clandestinely stealing into it,
“ either disturb it's peace, or undergo the
“ humiliation of living the wife of a man
“ who dares not own her!”

“ And who, Madam, has said that I
“ dare

“ dare not own her? Does not the same
 “ blood run in our veins? Is she not wor-
 “ thy, from her personal merit, of a throne
 “ if I had a throne to offer her? And do
 “ you suppose I mean to sacrifice the hap-
 “ piness of my whole life to the narrow
 “ policy or selfish ambition of my father?”

“ Wait then, Sir, ’till time shall pro-
 “ duce some alteration in your favour.
 “ Emmeline is yet very young, too young
 “ indeed to marry. Perhaps, when Lord
 “ and Lady Montreville are convinced
 “ that she only can make you happy, they
 “ may consent to your union.”

“ You little know, Madam, the hope-
 “ lessness of such an expectation. Were
 “ it possible that any arguments, any mo-
 “ tives could engage my father to forego
 “ all the projects of aggrandizing his fa-
 “ mily by splendid and rich alliances,
 “ my mother will, I know, ever be inexor-
 “ able. She will not hear the name of
 “ Emmeline. Last winter she incessantly
 “ persecuted me with proposals of mar-
 “ riage, and is now bent upon persuading

“ me to engage my hand to Miss Otley,
“ a relation of her own, who possesses in-
“ deed an immense fortune, and is of
“ rank; but who of all women living
“ would make me the most miserable.
“ The fatiguing arguments I have heard
“ about this match, and the fruitless and
“ incessant solicitude of my mother, con-
“ vince me I cannot, for both our sakes,
“ too soon put an end to it.”

Mrs. Stafford, notwithstanding the vehement plausibility of Delamere, still declined giving to Emmeline such advice as he wished to engage her to offer; and tho’ aware of all the advantages such a marriage would procure her friend, she would not influence her to a determination her heart could not approve.

While Delamere therefore was pleading vainly to her, Fitz Edward was exhausting in his discourse with Emmeline, all that rhetoric on behalf of his friend, which had already succeeded so frequently for himself. Tho’ he had given way to Delamere’s eagerness, and had accompa-
nied

nied him in pursuit of Miss Mowbray; after a few feeble arguments against it, he never intended to encourage him in his resolution of marrying her; which he thought a boyish and romantic plan, and one, of which he would probably be weary before it could be executed. But as it was a military maxim, that in love and war all stratagems are allowable, he failed not to lay as much stress on the honourable intentions of Delamere, as if he had really meant to assist in carrying them into effect.

Emmeline heard him in silence: or when an answer of some kind seemed to be extorted from her, she told him that she referred herself entirely to Mrs. Stafford, and would not even speak upon the subject but before her, and as she should dictate.

In this way several meetings passed between Delamere, the colonel, and the two ladies; for unless the latter had wholly confined themselves, there was no possible way of avoiding the importunate assiduity of the gentlemen. Fitz-Edward had a

servant who was an adept in such commissions, and who was kept constantly on the watch; so that they were traced and followed, in spite of all their endeavours to avoid it.

Mrs. Stafford, however, persuaded Emmeline to be less uneasy at it, as she assured her she would never leave her; and that there could be no misrepresentation of her conduct while they were together.

Every day they expected some consequence from Mrs. Stafford's letter to Lord Montreville; but for ten days, though they had heard nothing, they satisfied themselves with conjectures.

Ten days more insensibly passed by; and they began to think it very extraordinary that his Lordship should give no attention to an affair, which only a few months before seemed to have occasioned him so much serious alarm.

In this interval, Delamere saw Emmeline every day; and Fitz-Edward, on behalf of his friend's views, attached himself to Mrs. Stafford with an attention as marked and as
warm

warm as that of Delamere towards Miss Mowbray.

He was well aware of the power a woman of her understanding must have over an heart like Emmeline's; so new to the world, so ingenuous, and so much inclined to indulge all the delicious enthusiasm of early friendship.

He had had a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Stafford when she was first married; and knew enough of her husband to be informed of the source of that dejection, which, through all her endeavours to conceal it, frequently appeared; and having lived always among those who consider attachments to married women as allowable gallantries, and having had but too much success among them, Fitz-Edward thought he could take advantage of Mrs. Stafford's situation, to entangle her in a connection which would make her more indulgent to the weakness of her friend for Delamere.

But such was the awful, yet simple dignity of her manner, and so sacred the purity of unaffected virtue, that he dared not

hazard offending her; while aware of the tendency of his flattering and incessant assiduity, she was always watchful to prevent any diminution of the respect she had a right to exact; and without affecting to shun his society, which was extremely agreeable, she never suffered him to assume, in his conversation with her, those freedoms which often made him admired by others; nor allowed him to avow that libertinism of principle which she lamented that he possessed.

Fitz-Edward, who had at first undertaken to entertain her merely with a view of favouring Delamere's conversation with Emmeline, almost imperceptibly found that it had charms on his own account. He could not be insensible of the graces of a mind so highly cultivated; and he felt his admiration mingled with a reverence and esteem of which he had never before been sensible; but his vanity was piqued at the coldness with which she received his studied and delicate adulation; and, for the first time in his life, he was obliged to acknowledge to himself,

himself, that there might be a woman whose mind was superior to it's influence.

Not being disposed very tranquilly to submit to this mortifying conviction, he became more anxious to secure that partiality from Mrs. Stafford, which, since he found it so hard to acquire, became necessary to his happiness; and, in the hope of obtaining it, he would probably long have persisted, had not his attention been soon afterwards diverted to another object.

It wanted only a few days of a month since Mrs. Stafford's letter was dispatched to Lord Montreville. But the carelessness of the servant who was left in charge of the house in Berkley-square was the only reason of his not noticing it.

Immediately after the birth-day, his Lordship had quitted London on a visit to a nobleman in Buckinghamshire, whither his son had attended him, and where they parted. Delamere, under pretence of seeing his friend Percival, really went into Berkshire; and Lord Montreville, having insisted on Delamere's joining him at the
house

house of Lady Mary Otley, beyond Durham, where Lady Montreville and her two daughters were already gone, set out himself for that place, where they intended to pass the months of July and August. He had many friends to visit on the road; and when his Lordship arrived there, he found all his letters had, instead of following him as he had directed, been sent immediately thither; and instead of finding his son, or an account of his intended arrival, he had the mortification of reading Mrs. Stafford's information.

Delamere had, indeed, passed a few days with Mr. Percival, and had written to his father from thence; but he had also seen Headly, from whom he had extorted the secret of Emmeline's residence.

Fitz-Edward, to whose sister Mr. Percival was lately married, had joined Delamere at the house of his brother-in-law: and Delamere persisting in his resolution of seeing Emmeline, had, without much difficulty, prevailed on Fitz-Edward, (who had some weeks on his hands before he was to
join

join his regiment in Ireland, and who had no aversion to any plan that looked like an intrigue) to accompany him.

They contrived to gain Mr. Percival : and Delamere, by inclosing letters to him, which were forwarded to his father as if he had been still there, imagined that he had prevented all probability of discovery. Could he have persuaded Emmeline to a Scottish marriage, (which he very firmly believed he should) he intended as soon as they were married, to have taken her to the house of Lady Mary Orley, and to have presented her to his father, his mother, his sisters, and Lady Mary and her daughter, who were also his relations, as his wife.

Lord Montreville, on reading Mrs. Stafford's letter, shut himself up in his own apartment to consider what was to be done.

He knew Delamere too well to believe that writing, or the agency of any other person, would have on him the least effect.

He was convinced therefore he must go himself; yet to return immediately, without giving

giving Lady Montreville some very good reason, was impossible; nor could he think of any that would content her, but the truth. Though he would very willingly have concealed from her what had happened, he was obliged to send for her, and communicate to her the intelligence received from Mrs. Stafford.

Her Ladyship, whose pride was, if possible, more than adequate to her high blood, and whose passions were as strong as her reason was feeble, received this information with all those expressions of rage and contempt which Lord Montreville had foreseen.

Though the conduct of Emmeline was such as all her prejudice could not misunderstand, she loaded her with harsh and injurious appellations, and blamed his Lordship for having fostered a little reptile, who was now likely to disgrace and ruin the family to which she pretended to belong. She protested, that if Delamere dared to harbour so degrading an idea as that of marrying her, she would blot him for ever from

from her affection, and if possible from her memory.

Lord Montreville was obliged to wait 'till the violence of her first emotion had subsided, before he ventured to propose going himself to recall Delamere. To this proposal, however, her Ladyship agreed; and when she became a little cooler, consented readily to conceal, if possible, from Lady Mary Otley, the reason of Lord Montreville's abrupt departure, which was fixed for the next day; for the knowledge of it could not have any good effect on the sentiments of Lady Mary and her daughter; the former of whom was at present as anxious as Lady Montreville for an union of their families.

After some farther reflection, Lord Montreville thought that as Delamere was extremely fond of his youngest sister, her influence might be of great use in detaching him from his pursuit. It was therefore settled that she should accompany his Lordship; making the most plausible story they could, to account for a departure so unexpected;

expected; and leaving Lady Montreville and Miss Delamere as pledges of their intended return, Lord Montreville and his daughter Augusta set out post for London, in their way to Swansea.

CHAPTER IX.

EMMELINE had, for some days, complained of a slight indisposition; and being somewhat better, had determined to walk out in the evening; but having rather favoured and indulged her illness, as it gave her a pretext for avoiding Delamere, whose long and vehement assiduities began to give great uneasiness to both the ladies, she still answered to their enquiries that she was too ill to leave her room, and in consequence of this message, she and Mrs. Stafford, who came to sit with her, soon afterwards saw the Colonel and Delamere ride by as if for their evening airing. They
kissed

kissed their hands as they passed; and as soon as the ladies believed them quite out of sight, and had observed the way they had gone, Emmeline, who had confined herself three days to her room, and who languished for air, proposed a short walk the opposite way, to which Mrs. Stafford consented; and as soon as the heat was a little abated, they set out, and enjoyed a comfortable and quiet walk for near an hour; from which they were returning, when they saw Delamere and Fitz-Edward riding towards them.

They dismounted, and giving their horses to their servants, joined them; Delamere reproaching Emmeline for the artifice she had used, yet congratulating himself on seeing her again. But his eyes eagerly running over her person, betrayed his extreme anxiety and concern at observing her pale and languid looks, and the lassitude of her whole frame.

Fitz Edward, in a whisper, made the same remarks on her appearance to Mrs. Stafford; who answered, "that if Mr.
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" Delamere

“ Delamere persisted in pursuing her, she
“ did not doubt but that it would end in
“ her going into a decline.”

“ Say rather,” answered Fitz-Edward
artfully, “ that the interesting languor on
“ the charming countenance of your
“ friend, arises from the sensibility of her
“ heart. She cannot surely see Delamere,
“ dying for her as he is, without feeling
“ some disposition to answer a passion so
“ ardent and sincere : I know it is im-
“ possible she should. It is only your Stoic
“ prudence, your cold and unfeeling
“ bosom, which can arm itself against all
“ the enthusiasm of love, all the tenderness
“ of friendship. Miss Mowbray’s heart is
“ made of softer materials ; and were it
“ not for the inhuman reserve you have
“ taught her, poor Delamere had long
“ since met a more suitable return to an
“ attachment, of which, almost any other
“ woman would glory in being the object.”

There was something in this speech particularly displeasing to Mrs. Stafford ; who answered, “ that he could not pay her a
“ com-

“compliment more gratifying, than when
 “he told her she had been the means of
 “saving Miss Mowbray from indiscretion;
 “though she was well convinced, that her
 “own excellent understanding, and purity
 “of heart, made any monitor unnecessary.”

“However,” continued she, “if you
 “think that *my* influence has prevented
 “her entering into all the wild projects
 “of Mr. Delamere, continue to believe,
 “that while I am with her the same influence
 “will invariably be exerted to the
 “same purpose.”

Delamere and Emmeline, who were a few paces before them while this dialogue was passing, were now met by Parkinson, the colonel’s servant, who addressing himself to Delamere, told him that Lord Montreville and one of the young ladies were that moment alighted from their carriage at the inn, and had sent to his lodgings to enquire for him.

Mrs. Stafford advancing, heard the intelligence, and looked anxiously at Emmeline,
 who

who turned paler than death at the thoughts of Lord Montreville.

Delamere was alternately red and pale. He hesitated, and tried to flatter himself that Parkinson was mistaken; while Fitz-Edward, who found he should be awkwardly situated between the father and son, silently meditated his defence.

Mrs. Stafford, who saw Emmeline ready to sink with the apprehension of being seen walking with Delamere, intreated the gentlemen to leave them and go to Lord Montreville; which she at length prevailed on them to do; Delamere pressing Emmeline's hand to his lips, and protesting, with a vehemence of manner particularly his own, that no power on earth should oblige him to relinquish her.

Mrs. Stafford got the trembling Emmeline home as well as she could; where she endeavoured to strengthen her resolution and restore her spirits, by representing to her the perfect rectitude with which she had acted.

But poor Delamere, who had no such
con-

consolatory reflections, felt very uneasy, and would willingly have avoided the immediate explanation which he saw must now take place with his father.

He determined, however, to temporize no longer; but being absolutely fixed in his resolution of marrying Emmeline, to tell his father so, and to meet all the effects of his anger at once.

In this disposition, he desired Fitz-Edward to leave him; and he entered alone the parlour of the inn where Lord Montreville waited for him. His countenance expressed a mixture of anger and confusion; while that of his Lordship betrayed yet sterner symptoms of the state of his mind.

Augusta Delamere, her eyes red with weeping, and her voice faltering through agitation, arose, and met her brother halfway.

"My dear brother!" said she, taking his hand.

He kissed her cheek; and bowing to his father, sat down.

"I have

“ I have taken the trouble to come
“ hither, Sir,” said Lord Montreville,
“ in consequence of having received in-
“ formation of the wicked and unworthy
“ pursuit in which you have engaged. I
“ command you, upon your duty, in-
“ stantly to return with me, and renounce
“ for ever the scandalous project of se-
“ ducing an innocent young woman, whom
“ you ought rather to respect and whom I
“ will protect.”

“ I intend ever to do both, Sir; and
“ when she is my wife, you will be released
“ from the task of protecting her, and will
“ only have to love her as much as her
“ merit deserves. Be assured, my Lord,
“ I have no such designs against the
“ honour of Miss Mowbray as you impute
“ to me. It is my determined and unal-
“ terable intention to marry her. Would
“ to God your Lordship would conquer
“ the unreasonable prejudice which you
“ have conceived against the only union
“ which will secure the happiness of your
“ son, and endeavour to reconcile my
“ mother

“mother to a marriage on which I am
“resolved.”

Having pronounced these words in a resolute tone, he arose from his seat, bowed slightly to his father, and waving his hand to his sister, as if to prevent her following him, he walked indignantly out of the room.

Lord Montreville made no effort to stop him. But the recollection of the fatal indulgence with which he had been brought up recurred forcibly to his Lordship's mind; and he felt his anger against his son half subdued by the reproaches he had to make himself. The very sight of this darling son, was so gratifying, that he almost forgot his errors when he beheld him.

After a moment's pause, Lord Montreville said to his daughter, “You see, Augusta, the disposition your brother is
“in. Violent measures will, I fear, only
“make him desperate. We must try
“what can be done by Miss Mowbray
“herself, who will undoubtedly consent to
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“ elude his pursuit, and time may perhaps
“ detach him from it entirely. For this
“ purpose, I would have *you* see Emme-
“ line to-morrow early; and having talk-
“ ed to her, we can consider on what to
“ determine. To night, try to recover
“ your fatigue.”

“ Let me go to night, Sir,” said his
daughter.—“ It is not yet more than
“ eight o’clock, and I am sensible of no
“ fatigue that should prevent my seeing
“ the young lady immediately.”

Lord Montreville assenting, Miss De-
lamere, attended by a servant, walked to
the house of Mrs. Watkins.

The door was opened by the good wo-
man herself; and on enquiry for Miss
Mowbray, she desired the lady to walk
in, and sit down in her little room, while
she went up to let Miss know.—“ For I
“ can’t tell,” said she, (folding up a
stocking she was knitting) “ whether she
“ be well enough to see a strange gen-
“ tlewoman. She have been but poorly
“ for this week; and to night, after she
“ came

“ came from walking, she was in such a
 “ taking, poor thing, we thought she’d a
 “ had a fit; and so Madam Stafford, who
 “ is just gone, bid her she should lie down
 “ a little and keep quiet.”

This account, added to the disquiet of the fair mediatrix; who fancied the heart of Emmeline could hardly fail of being of Delamere’s party, and that uneasiness at his father’s arrival occasioned the agitation of her spirits which Mrs. Watkins described.

Mrs. Watkins returned immediately, saying that Miss Emmy would be down in a moment.

Emmeline instantly guessed who it was, by the description of the young Lady and the livery of the servant who attended her: and now, with a beating heart and uncertain step, she entered the room.

Miss Delamere had been prepared to see a very beautiful person: but the fair figure whom she now beheld, though less dazlingly handsome than she expected, was yet more interesting and attractive than she would have appeared in the highest bloom

of luxuriant beauty. Her late illness had robbed her cheeks of that tender bloom they usually boasted; timidity and apprehension deprived her of much of the native dignity of her manner; yet there was something in her face and deportment that instantly prejudiced Miss Delamere in her favour, and made her acknowledge that her brother's passion had at least personal charms for its excuse.

A silent curtsey passed between the two ladies—and both being seated, Miss Delamere began.—

“ I believe, Miss Mowbray, you know
 “ that my father, Lord Montreville, in
 “ consequence of a letter received from
 “ Mrs. Stafford, who is, he understands,
 “ a friend of your's, arrived here this
 “ morning.”

“ The letter, madam, was written at
 “ my particular request; that my Lord
 “ did not notice it sooner, has, believe
 “ me, given me great concern.”

“ I do sincerely believe it; and every
 “ body

" body must applaud your conduct in this
 " affair. My father was, by accident,
 " prevented receiving the letter for some
 " weeks: as soon as it reached him, we
 " set out, and he has now sent me to you,
 " my dear cousin (for be assured I am
 " delighted with the relationship) to con-
 " sult with you on what we ought to do."

Emmeline, consoled yet affected by this
 considerate speech, found herself relieved
 by tears.

" Though I am unable, madam," said
 she, recovering herself, " to advise, be
 " assured I am ready to do whatever you
 " and Lord Montreville shall dictate, to
 " put an end to the projects your brother
 " so perseveringly attempts. Ah! Miss
 " Delamere; my situation is singularly
 " distressing. It demands all your pity;
 " all your father's protection!"

" You have, you shall have both, my
 " dear Emmeline! as well as our admira-
 " tion for your noble and heroic conduct;
 " and I beg you will not, by being thus

“uneasy, injure your health and depress your spirits.”

This and many other consoling speeches, delivered in the persuasive voice of friendly sympathy, almost restored Emmeline to her usual composure; and after being together near an hour, Miss Delamere took her leave, charmed with her new acquaintance, and convinced that she would continue to act with the most exact obedience to the wishes of Lord Montreville.

CHAPTER X.

LORD Montreville, on hearing from his daughter what had passed between her and Emmeline, was disposed to hope, that since she was so willing to assist in terminating for ever the views of Delamere, they should be able to prevail on him to relinquish them.

While

While Miss Delamere was with Emmeline, his Lordship had himself waited on Mrs. Stafford, to whom he thought himself obliged.

He thanked her for the letter with which she had favoured him; and said, "that
 " having heard of the great regard with
 " which she honoured Miss Mowbray, he
 " waited on her to beg her advice in the
 " present difficult circumstance. Since
 " Mr. Delamere has pursued her hither,"
 said his Lordship, " she cannot remain
 " here; but to find a situation that will be
 " proper for her, and concealed from him,
 " I own appears so difficult, that I know
 " not on what to determine."

" My Lord," answered Mrs. Stafford,
 " I intended to have asked your Lordship's
 " permission to have been favoured with
 " Miss Mowbray's company for some
 " months; and still hope to be indulged
 " with it when I return home. But could
 " I go thither now, which I cannot, (my
 " house not being in a condition to receive
 " me,) it would be impossible to prevent:

Mr.

“ Mr. Delamere’s knowledge of her abode,
“ if she was with me. But surely Mr.
“ Delamere will leave this place with you,
“ and will not oblige Miss Mowbray to
“ quit her home to avoid him.”

“ Ah, madam!” answered Lord Montreville, “ you do not yet know my son.
“ The impetuosity of his temper, which
“ has never been restrained, it is now out
“ of my power to check; whatever he
“ determines on he will execute, and I
“ have too much reason to fear that op-
“ position only serves to strengthen his re-
“ solution. While Emmeline is here, it
“ will be impossible to prevail on him to
“ quit the place: and though her beha-
“ viour has hitherto been irreproachable
“ and meritorious, how can I flatter my-
“ self that so young a woman will continue
“ steadily to refuse a marriage, which
“ would not only relieve her at once from
“ the difficulties and dependance of her
“ situation, but raise her to an elevated
“ rank, and a splendid fortune.”

“ To which,” said Mrs. Stafford, “ she
would

“ would do honour. I do not, however,
 “ presume to offer my opinion to your
 “ Lordship. You have, undoubtedly,
 “ very strong reasons for your opposition
 “ to Mr. Delamere’s wishes: and his
 “ affluent fortune and future rank cer-
 “ tainly give him a right to expect both
 “ the one and the other in whoever he
 “ shall marry. But a more lovely person,
 “ a better heart, a more pure and elegant
 “ mind, he will no where meet with.
 “ Miss Mowbray will reflect as much
 “ credit as she can borrow, on any family
 “ to which she may be allied.”

“ I acknowledge, madam, that Miss-
 “ Mowbray is a very amiable young wo-
 “ man; but she never can be the wife of
 “ my son; and you I am sure are too
 “ considerate to give any encouragement
 “ to so impossible an idea.”

After some farther conversation, Mrs.
 Stafford promised to endeavour to recol-
 lect a proper situation for Miss Mowbray,
 where she might be secured from the im-

opportunities of Delamere; and his Lordship took his leave.

By six o'clock the next morning, Delamere was at Mrs. Watkins's door; and nobody being visible but the maid servant, he entered the parlour, and told her he wanted to speak with Miss Mowbray; but would wait until she arose.

The maid told her mistress, who immediately descended; and Delamere, who was known to her as a young Lord who was in love with Miss Emmy, was courteously invited to her own parlour, and she offered to go up with any message he should be pleased to send.

He begged she would only say to Miss Mowbray that a gentleman desired to speak to her on business of consequence.

But the good woman, who thought she could do more justice to her employer, told Emmeline, who was dressing herself, that "the handsome young Lord, as used to walk every night with her and Madam Stafford, was below, and wanted to speak to her directly."

At

At this information, Emmeline was extremely alarmed. She considered herself as particularly bound by what had passed the evening before between her and Augusta Delamere, to avoid her brother; and such an interview as he now demanded must have an appearance to Lord Montreville of which she could not bear to think. She desired Mrs. Watkins, therefore, to let the gentleman know that she was not well, and could not see any body.

"Why, Lord, Miss!" exclaimed the officious landlady, "what can you mean now by that? What! go for to refuse seeing such an handsome young man, who is a Lord, and the like of that? I am sure it is so foolish, that I shan't carry no such message."

"Send Betty with it then," answered Emmeline coldly, "let her inform the gentleman I cannot be seen."

"Well," said Mrs. Watkins, as she descended, "it is strange nonsense, to my fancy; but some folks never knows what they would be at."

She then returned to the parlour, and very reluctantly delivered the answer to Mr. Delamere; who asked if Emmeline was really ill?

“ Ill,” said the complaisant hostess, “ I see nothing that ails her: last night, indeed, she was in a desperate taking, and we had much ado to hinder her from going into a fit; but to day I am sure she looks as if she was as well as ever.”

Delamere asked for a pen and ink, with which she immediately furnished him; and as she officiously offered to get him some breakfast, he accepted it to gain time. While it was preparing he sent up to Emmeline the following note:

“ I came hither to entreat only one quarter of an hour’s conversation, which you cruelly deny me! You determine then, Emmeline, to drive me to despair! You may certainly still refuse to see me; but you cannot oblige me to quit this place, or to lose sight of your abode.
My

“ My father will, therefore, gain nothing
 “ by his ill-judged journey hither.

“ But if you will allow me the interview
 “ I solicit, and after it still continue to de-
 “ sire my absence, I will give you my pro-
 “ mise to go from hence to-morrow.

“ F. DELAMERE.”

The maid was sent up with this billet to Emmeline; who, after a moment's consideration, determined to send it to Miss Delamere, and to tell her, in an envelope, how she was situated.

Having enclosed it therefore, and desired the maid to go with it without saying whether she was going, she bid her, as she went through the house, deliver to Mr. Delamere another note, which was as follows:

“ Sir,

“ Your request of an interview, I think
 “ myself obliged on every account to re-
 “ fuse. I am extremely sorry you deter-
 “ mine to persevere in offering me pro-
 “ posals, to which, though they do me a
 “ very

“ very high and undeserved honour, I
“ never ought to listen; and excuse me
“ if I add, that I never will.

“ EMMELINE MOWBRAY.”

Emmeline had not before so positively expressed her rejection of Delamere's addresses. The peremptory stile, therefore, of this billet, added to his extreme vexation at being overtaken by his father, and the little hope that seemed to remain for him any way, operated altogether on his rash and passionate disposition, and seemed to affect him with a temporary phrenzy. He stamped about the room, dashed his head against the wainscot, and seizing Mrs. Watkins by the arm, swore, with the most frightful vehemence, that he would see Miss Mowbray though death were in the way.

The woman concluding he was mad, screamed out to her husband, who descending from his chamber in astonishment, put himself between his wife and the stranger, demanding his business?

“ Alack-

“ Alack a-day !” cried Mrs. Watkins,
 “ ’tis the young Lord. He is gone mad,
 “ to be sure, for the love of Miss up
 “ stairs !”

Emmeline, who in so small a house could not avoid hearing all that passed, now thought it better to go down ; for she knew enough of Delamere to fear that the effects of his fit of passion might be very serious : and was certain that nothing could be more improper than so much confusion.

She therefore descended the stairs, with trembling feet, and entered Mrs. Watkins parlour ; where she saw Delamere, his eyes flashing fire and his hands clenched, storming round the room, while Watkins followed him, and bowing in his awkward way, “ begged his Honour would only “ please to be pacified.”

There was something so terrifying in the wild looks of the young man, that Emmeline having only half opened the door, retreated again from it, and was hastening away. But Delamere had seen her ; and darting out after her, caught her before she
 could

could escape out of the passage, and she was compelled to return into the room with him; where, on condition of his being more composed, she agreed to sit down and listen to him.

Watkins and his wife having left the room, Delamere again renewed his solicitations for a Scottish expedition. "How-
" ever averse," said he, " my father and
" mother may at present be to our marriage,
" I know they will be immediately recon-
" ciled when it is irrevocable. But if you
" continue to harden your heart against
" me, of what advantage will it be to
" them? Their ambition will still suffer;
" for I here swear by all that is sacred,
" that then I never will marry at all; and
" by my dying without posterity, their
" views will for ever be abortive, and
" their projects disappointed."

To this, and every other argument Delamere used, Emmeline answered, " that
" having determined never to accept of
" his hand, situated as she at present was,
" nothing should induce her to break
" through

“ through a determination which alone
 “ could secure her the approbation of her
 “ own heart.”

He then asked her, “ whether, if the
 “ consent of Lord and Lady Montreville
 “ could be obtained, she would continue
 “ averse to him?”

This question she evaded, by saying,
 “ that it was to no purpose to consider
 “ how she should act in an event so un-
 “ likely to happen.”

He then again exerted all the eloquence
 which love rather than reason lent him.
 But Emmeline combated his arguments
 with those of rectitude and honour, by
 which she was resolutely bent to abide.

This steadiness, originating from prin-
 ciples he could not controvert or deny,
 seemed, while it shewed him all its hope-
 lessness, to give new force to his passion.
 He became again almost frantic, and was
 anew acting the part of a madman, when
 Mrs. Stafford and Miss Delamere entered
 the house, and enquiring for Miss Mowbray,
 were shewn into the room where she was
 with

with Delamere; who, almost exhausted by the violence of those emotions he had so boundlessly indulged, had now thrown himself into a chair, with his head leaning against the wainscot; his hair was dishevelled, his eyes swollen, and his countenance expressed so much passionate sorrow, that Augusta Delamere, extremely shocked, feared to speak to him; while Emmeline, on the opposite side of the room, sat with her handkerchief to her eyes; and as soon as she saw Mrs. Stafford, she threw herself into her arms and sobbed aloud.

Delamere looked at Mrs. Stafford and his sister, but spoke to neither; till Augusta approaching him, would have taken his hand; but he turned from her.

“Oh, Frederic!” cried she, “I beseech you to consider the consequence of all this.”

“I consider nothing!” said he, starting up and going to the window.

His sister followed him.

“Go, go,” said he, turning angrily from her—“Go, leave me, leave me! assist

“Lord

“ Lord Montreville to destroy his only
 “ son ! go, and be a party in the cruel po-
 “ licy that will make you and Fanny
 “ heireffes !”

The poor girl, who really loved her brother better than any thing on earth, was quite overwhelmed by this speech ; and her tears now flowed as fast as those of Emmeline, who continued to weep on the bosom of Mrs. Stafford.

Delamere looked at them both with a stern and angry countenance ; then suddenly catching his sister by the hand, which he eagerly grasped, he said, in a low but resolute voice—“ Tears, Augusta, are of no
 “ use. Do not lament me, but try to help
 “ me. I am now going out for the whole
 “ day ; for I will not see my father only
 “ to repeat to him what I have already
 “ said. Before I return, see what you can
 “ do towards persuading him to consent to
 “ my marriage with Miss Mowbray ; for
 “ be assured that if he does not, the next
 “ meeting, in which I expect his answer,
 “ will be the last we shall have.”

He

He then snatched up his hat, and disengaging himself from his sister, who attempted to detain him, he went hastily out of the house; leaving Mrs. Stafford, Miss Mowbray, and his sister, under great uneasiness and alarm.

They thought it necessary immediately to inform Lord Montreville of the whole conversation, and Miss Delamere dispatched a note to Fitz-Edward, desiring him to attend to the motions of his friend.

Fitz-Edward was at breakfast with Lord Montreville; who took the first opportunity of their being alone, to reproach him with some severity for what he had done.

The Colonel heard him with great serenity; and then began to justify himself, by assuring his Lordship that he had accompanied Delamere only in hopes of being able to detach him from his pursuit, and because he thought it preferable to his being left wholly to himself. He declared that he meant to have given Lord Montreville information, if there had appeared the least probability of Delamere's marriage; but
that

that being perfectly convinced, from the character of Emmeline, that there was nothing to apprehend, he had every day hoped his friend would have quitted a project in which there seemed not the least likelihood of success, and would have returned to his family cured of his passion.

Though this was not all strictly true, Fitz-Edward possessed a sort of plausible and insinuating eloquence, which hardly ever failed of removing every impression, however strong, against him; and Lord Montreville was conversing with him with his usual confidence and friendship, when the note from Miss Delamere was brought in.

His Lordship, ever anxious for his son, gazed eagerly at it while Fitz-Edward read it; and trembling, asked from whom it came?

Fitz-Edward put it into his hand; and having ran it over in breathless terror, his Lordship hurried out, directing all his servants to go several ways in search of Delamere; while he entreated Fitz-Edward to run to whatever place he was likely to be in;
and

and went himself to Mrs. Stafford's lodging, who was by this time returned home.

What he heard from her of the scene of the morning, contributed to encrease his alarm. The image of his son in all the wildness of ungovernable passion, shook his nerves so much, that he seemed ready to faint, yet unable to move to enquire where he was. As he could attend to nothing else, Mrs. Stafford told him how anxiously she had thought of a situation for Emmeline, and that she believed she had at length found one that would do, "if," said she, "your Lordship cannot prevail on him to quit Swansea, which I think you had better attempt, though from the scene of this morning I own I despair of it more than ever.

"The person with whom I hope to be able to place Miss Mowbray is Mrs. Ashwood, the sister of Mr. Stafford. She has been two years a widow, with three children, and resides at a village near London. She has a very good fortune; and would be happy to have with her such

“ such a companion as Miss Mowbray,
 “ ’till I am so fortunate as to be enabled
 “ to take her myself. As her connections
 “ and acquaintance lie in a different set
 “ of people, and in a remote part of the
 “ country from those of Mr. Delamere,
 “ it is improbable, that with the precau-
 “ tion we shall take, he will ever discover
 “ her residence.”

Lord Montreville expressed his sense of Mrs. Stafford's kindness in the warmest terms. He assured her that he should never forget the friendly part she had taken, and that if ever it was in his power to shew his gratitude by being so happy as to have the ability to serve her or her family, he should consider it as the most fortunate event of his life.

Mrs. Stafford heard this as matter of course ; and would have felt great compassion for Lord Montreville, whose state of mind was truly deplorable, but she reflected that he had really been the author of his own misery : first, by bringing up his son in a manner that had given such
 boundless

boundless scope to his passions ; and now, by refusing to gratify him in marrying a young woman, who was, in the eye of unprejudiced reason, so perfectly unexceptionable. She advised him to try once more to prevail on his son to leave Swansea with him ; and he left her to enquire whether Fitz-Edward had yet found Delamere, whose absence gave him the most cruel uneasiness.

Fitz-Edward, after a long search, had overtaken Delamere on an unfrequented common, about a mile from the town, where he was walking with a quick pace ; and seeing Fitz-Edward, endeavoured to escape him. But when he found he could not avoid him, he turned fiercely towards him—" Why do you follow me, Sir ? Is it not enough that you have broken through the ties of honour and friendship in betraying me to my father ? must you still persecute me with your insidious friendship ?"

Fitz-Edward heard him with great coolness ; and without much difficulty convinced him that Miss Mowbray herself had
given

given the information to Lord Montreville by means of Mrs. Stafford.

This conviction, while it added to the pain and mortification of Delamere, greatly reconciled him to Fitz-Edward, whom he had before suspected; and after a long conversation, which Fitz-Edward so managed as to regain some degree of power over the passions of his impetuous friend, he persuaded him to go and dine with Lord Montreville; having first undertaken for his Lordship that nothing should be said on the subject which occupied the thoughts of the father; on which condition only the son consented to meet him.

CHAPTER XI.

NOTwithstanding the steadiness Emmeline had hitherto shewn in rejecting the clandestine addresses of Delamere, he still hoped they would succeed. A degree of vanity, pardonable in a young man possessing so many advantages of person and fortune, made him trust to those advantages, and to his unwearied assiduity, to conquer her reluctance. He determined therefore to persevere; and did not imagine it was likely he could again lose sight of her by a stratagem, against which he was now on his guard.

As he fancied Lord Montreville and his sister designed to carry her with them when they went, he kept a constant eye on their motions, and set his own servant, and Fitz-Edward's valet, to watch the servants of Lord Montreville.

Fitz-Edward, who had been so near losing the confidence of both the father and son, found it expedient to observe a neutrality, which

which it required all his address to support; being constantly appealed to by them both.

Lord Montreville, he advised to adhere to moderate measures and gentle persuasions, and to trust to Emmeline's own strength of mind and good conduct; while to Delamere he recommended dissimulation; and advised him to quit Swansea at present, which would prevent Emmeline's being removed from thence, and leave it in his power at any time to see her again.

Lord Montreville, on cooler reflection, was by no means satisfied with Fitz-Edward. To encourage his son's project, and even to accompany him in it, in the vain hope of detaching him from Emmeline before an irrevocable engagement could be formed, seemed to be at least very blameable; and if he had seen the connection likely to take place on a less honourable footing, his conduct was more immoral, if not so impolitic.

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Fitz-Edward in what he now meditated, which was, to remove Emmeline from Swansea before he and his daughter quitted it, and to place her with the sister of Mr. Stafford; who being now arrived, had engaged to obtain his sister's concurrence with their plan.

A female council therefore was held on the means of Emmeline's removal; and it was settled that a post chaise should, on the night fixed, be in waiting at the distance of half a mile from the town; where Emmeline should meet it; and that a servant of Mr. Stafford should accompany her to London, who was from thence to return to his master's house in Dorsetshire.

This arrangement being made three days after the arrival of Lord Montreville, and his faithful old valet being employed to procure the chaise, the hour arrived when poor Emmeline was again to abandon her little home, where she had passed many tranquil and some delightful days; and where she was to bid adieu to her two
beloved

beloved friends, uncertain when she should see them again.

Her friendship for Mrs. Stafford was enlivened by the warmest gratitude. To her she owed the acquisition of much useful knowledge, as well as instruction in those elegant accomplishments to which she was naturally so much attached, but which she had no former opportunity of acquiring. The charms of her conversation, the purity of her heart, and the softness of her temper, made her altogether a character which could not be known without being beloved; and Emmeline, whose heart was open to all the enchanting impressions of early friendship, loved her with the truest affection. The little she had seen of Augusta Delamere, had given that young lady the second place in her heart. They were of the same age, within a few weeks. Augusta Delamere extremely resembled the Mowbray family: and there was, in figure and voice, a very striking similitude between her and Emmeline Mowbray.

Lady Montreville, passionately attached

to her son, as the heir and representative of her family, and partial to her eldest daughter for her great resemblance to herself, seemed on them to have exhausted all her maternal tenderness, and to have felt for Augusta but a very inferior share of affection.

Of the haughty and supercilious manners which made Lady Montreville feared and disliked, she had communicated no portion to her younger daughter; and if she had acquired something of the family pride, her good sense, and the sweetness of her temper, had so much corrected it, that it was by no means displeasing.

Elegantly formed as she was, and with a face, which, tho' less fair than that of Emmeline was almost as interesting, her mother had yet always expressed a disapprobation of her person; and she had therefore herself conceived an indifferent opinion of it; and being taught to consider herself inferior in every thing to her elder sister, she never fancied she was superior to others; nor, though highly accomplished, and particularly

cularly skilled in music, did she ever obtrude her acquisitions on her friends, or anxiously seek opportunities of displaying them.

Her heart was benevolent and tender; and her affection for her brother, the first of it's passions. She could never discover that he had a fault; and the error in regard to Emmeline, which his father so much dreaded, appeared to his sister a virtue.

She was deeply read in novels, (almost the only reading that young women of fashion are taught to engage in;) and having from them acquired many of her ideas, she imagined that Delamere and Emmeline were born for each other; though she dared not appear to encourage hopes so totally opposite to those of her family, she found, after she had once seen and conversed with Emmeline, that she never could warmly oppose an union which she was convinced would make her brother happy.

She fancied that Emmeline could not be insensible to Delamere's love; she even be-

lieved she saw many symptoms of regard for him in her manner, and that she made the most heroic sacrifice of her love to her duty, when she resigned him: a sacrifice which heightened, almost to enthusiasm, the pity and esteem felt for her by Augusta Delamere; and though they had known each other only a few days, a sisterly affection had taken place between them.

But from these two friends, so tenderly and justly beloved, Emmeline was now to depart, and to be thrown among strangers, where it was improbable she would meet with any who would supply the loss of them. Her duty however demanded this painful effort; and she determined to execute it with courage and resolution.

Delamere was so perpetually about his father, that it was judged improper for him to hold any private conference with Emmeline, lest something should be suspected.

His Lordship therefore sent her by Mrs. Stafford a bank note of fifty pounds; with his thanks for the propriety of her conduct,
and

and an assurance, that while she continued to merit his protection, he should consider her as his daughter, and take care to supply her with money, and every thing else she might wish for. He desired she would not write; lest her hand should be known, and her abode traced; but said, that in a few weeks he would see her himself, and wished her all possible health and happiness.

On the night of her departure, instead of retiring to rest at the usual hour, Emmeline dressed herself in a travelling dress, and passed some melancholy hours waiting for the signal of her departure.

At half past two in the morning, every thing being profoundly quiet, she saw from her window, her two friends, who had declared they would not leave her 'till they saw her in the chaise.

She took with her only a small parcel of linen, Mrs. Stafford having engaged to forward the rest to an address agreed upon; and softly descending the stairs for fear of alarming Mrs. Watkins, she opened the

door; and each of her friends taking an arm, they passed over two fields, into a lane where the chaise was waiting with the servant who was to go with her.

The tears had streamed from her eyes during the little walk, and she was unable to speak. The servant now opened the chaise door and let down the step; and Emmeline kissing the hand of Mrs. Stafford, and then that of Augusta Delamere, went hastily into it—"God bless you both!" said she, in a faint and inarticulate voice. The servant shut the door, mounted a post horse, and the chaise was in an instant out of sight; while the two ladies, who at any other time would have been alarmed at being obliged to take so late a walk, thought not of themselves; but full of concern for poor Emmeline, went back in tears; and Miss Delamere, who had agreed to remain the rest of that night at the lodgings of Mrs. Stafford, retired not to rest, but to weep for the departure of her friend and the distress of her brother.

Emmeline,

Emmeline, thus separated from every body she loved, pursued her journey melancholy and repining.

The first hour, she wept bitterly, and accused her destiny of caprice and cruelty. But tho' to the unfortunate passion of Delamere she owed all the inconvenience she had lately experienced, she could not resolve to hate him; but found a degree of pity and regard perpetually mingled itself with his idea in her heart. Yet she was not in love; and had rather the friendship of a sister for him than any wish to be his wife.

Had there been no impediments to their union, she would have married him, rather to make him happy than because she thought it would make herself so; but she would have seen him married to another, and have rejoiced at it, if he had found felicity.

An attachment like his, which had resisted long absence, and was undiminished by insuperable difficulties, could hardly fail of having it's effect on the tender and susceptible mind of Emmeline. But whatever affection she felt, it by no means arose

to what a romantic girl would have perhaps fancied it; and she was much more unhappy at quitting the dear Augusta than at the uncertainty she was in whether she should ever again see Delamere.

The parting was extremely embittered by the prohibition she had received in regard to writing to her. But painful as it was, she determined to forbear; and steadily to adhere to that line of duty, however difficult to practice, that only could secure the peace of her mind, by the acquittal of her conscience; which, as she had learned from Mrs. Stafford, as well as from her own experience, short as it was, could alone support her in every trial to which she might be exposed.

She reflected on her present situation, compared to what it would have been had she been prevailed upon to become the wife of Delamere against the consent of his family.

Splendid as his fortune was, and high as his rank would raise her above her present lot of life, she thought that neither would
reconcile

reconcile her to the painful circumstance of carrying uneasiness and contention into his family ; of being thrown from them with contempt, as the disgrace of their rank and the ruin of their hopes ; and of living in perpetual apprehension lest the subsiding fondness of her husband should render her the object of his repentance and regret.

The regard she was sensible of for Delamere did not make her blind to his faults ; and she saw, with pain, that the ungovernable violence of his temper frequently obscured all his good qualities, and gave his character an appearance of ferocity, which offered no very flattering prospect to whoever should be his wife.

By thus reasoning with herself, she soon became more calm, and more reconciled to that destiny which seemed not to design her for Delamere.

She met with no remarkable occurrence in her journey ; and on the evening of the third day arrived in town ; where the servant who attended her was ordered to dismiss the chaise, and to procure her an
hackney

hackney coach, in which she proceeded to the house of Mrs. Ashwood.

This residence, situated in a populous village three miles from London, bore the appearance of wealth and prosperity. The iron gate, which gave entrance into a large court, was opened by a servant in a laced livery, to whom Emmeline delivered the letter she had brought from Mrs. Stafford, and after a moment's waiting the lady herself came out to receive her.

Emmeline, by the splendour of her dress, concluded she had left a large company: but being ushered into a parlour, found she had been drinking tea alone; of which, or of any other refreshment, Miss Mowbray was desired to partake.

Her reception of her visitor was perfectly cordial; and Emmeline soon recovering her easy and composed manner, Mrs. Ashwood seemed very much pleased with her guest; for there was in her countenance a passport to all hearts.

Mrs. Ashwood, tho' not in the bloom of life, and tho' she never had been handsome,

some, was so unconscious of her personal disadvantages, that she imagined herself the object of admiration of one sex and of the imitation of the other. With the most perfect reliance on the graces of a figure which never struck any other person as being at all remarkable, she dressed with an exuberance of expence; and kept all the company her neighbourhood afforded.

Where her ruling passions, (the love of admiration and excessive vanity) did not interfere, she was sometimes generous and sometimes friendly. But her ideas of her own perfections, both of person and mind, far exceeding the truth, she had often the mortification to find that others by no means thought of them as she did; and then her good humour was far from invincible.

Though Emmeline soon found her conversation very inferior to what she had of late been accustomed to, she thought herself fortunate in having found an asylum, the mistress of which seemed desirous of making it agreeable; and to which she
was

was introduced by the kindness of her beloved Mrs. Stafford.

But while serenity was returning to the bosom of Emmeline, that of poor Delamere was torn with the cruellest tempest. The morning after Emmeline's departure, Delamere, who expected no such thing, arose at his usual hour and rode out alone, as he had frequently done. As he passed her window, he looked up to it, and seeing it open, concluded she was in her room.

On his return, his father met him, and asked him to breakfast; but he designed to attend the tea-table of Mrs. Stafford, where he thought he should meet Emmeline, and therefore excused himself; and Lord Montreville, who wished the discovery to be delayed to as late an hour of the day as possible, let him go thither, where he breakfasted; and then proposed a walk to Mrs. Stafford, which he hoped would include a visit to Emmeline, or at least that Mrs. Stafford would not walk without her. She excused herself, however, on pretence of having letters to
write;

write; and Delamere went in search of Fitz-Edward, whom he could not find.

It was now noon, and he grew impatient at not having had even a glimpse of Emmeline the whole morning, when he met Fitz Edward's man, and asked him hastily where his master was?

The man hesitated, and looked as if he had a secret which he contained with some uneasiness. "Sir," said he, "have you seen Miss Mowbray to-day?"

"No—why do you ask?"

"Because, Sir," said the fellow, "I shrewdly suspect that she went away from here last night. I can't tell your Honour why I thinks so; but you may soon know the truth on't."

The ardent imagination of Delamere instantly caught fire. He took it for granted that Fitz-Edward had carried her off: and without staying to reflect a moment, he flew to the inn where his horses were, and ordered them to be saddled; then rushing into the room where his father and sister were sitting together, he exclaimed—"she is
" gone,

“ gone, Sir—Emmeline is gone!—but I
“ will soon overtake her; and the in-
“ famous villain who has torn her from
“ me!”

Lord Montreville scorned to dissimulate.
He answered, “ I know she is gone, and it
“ was by my directions she went. You can-
“ not overtake her; nor is it probable you
“ will ever see her again. Endeavour
“ therefore to recollect yourself, and do
“ not forget what you owe to your family
“ and yourself.”

Delamere attended but little to this re-
monstrance? but still prepossessed with the
idea of Fitz-Edward's being gone with her,
he swore perpetual vengeance against him,
and that he would pursue him through the
world.

With this resolution on his lips, and fury
in his eyes, he quitted his father's apart-
ment, and at the door met Fitz Edward
himself, coming to enquire after him.

He was somewhat ashamed of the hasty
conclusion he had made, and was therefore
more disposed to hear what Fitz-Edward
had

had to say, who presently convinced him that he was entirely ignorant of the flight of Emmeline.

Delamere now insisted, that as a proof of his friendship he would instantly set out with him in pursuit of her.

Fitz-Edward knew not what to do; but however seemed to consent; and saying he would order his servant to get his horse, left him, and went to Lord Montreville, to whom he represented the impracticability of stopping Delamere.

His Lordship, almost certain that Emmeline was out of the possibility of his overtaking her, as she had now been gone thirteen hours, thought it better for Fitz-Edward, if he could not prevent his departure, to go with him: but he desired him to make as many artificial delays as possible.

Delamere, in the mean time, had been to Mrs. Stafford, and tried to force from her the secret of Emmeline's route. But she was inexorable; and proof against his phrenzy as well as his persuasion. She held
him,

him, however, as long as she could, in discourse. But when he found she only tried to make him lose time, he left her, in an agony of passion, and mounting his horse, while his trembling servants were ordered to follow him on pain of instant dismissal, he rode out of the town without seeing his father, leaving a message for Fitz-Edward that he had taken the London road, and expected he would come after him instantly.

Lord Montreville intreated Fitz-Edward to lose not a moment; and bidding an hasty adieu to his Lordship, he ordered his horses to the door of Mrs. Stafford, where he took a formal leave of her and her husband, entreating permission to renew his acquaintance hereafter. Then getting on horseback, he made as much speed as possible after Delamere; whom with difficulty he overtook some miles forward on the London road.

This way Delamere had taken on conjecture only; but after proceeding some time, he had met a waggoner, whom he questioned. The man told him of a post chaise he had

had met at four o'clock in the morning; and encouraged by that to proceed, he soon heard from others enough to make him believe he was right.

The horses, however, at the end of forty miles, were too much fatigued to keep pace with Delamere's impatience. He was obliged to wait three hours before post horses could be found for himself and Fitz-Edward. His servants were obliged to remain yet longer; and the horses which were at length procured, were so lame and inadequate to the journey, that it was six hours before they reached the next stage; where the same difficulty occurred; and Delamere, between the fatigue of his body and anxiety of his mind, found himself compelled to take some rest.

The next day he still traced Emmeline from stage to stage, and imagined himself very near her: but the miserable horse on which he rode, being unable to execute his wish as to speed, and urged beyond his strength, fell with him in a stage about sixty miles from London; by which accident

dent he received a contusion on his breast, and was bruised so much that Fitz-Edward insisted on his being blooded and put to bed; and then went to the apothecary of the village near which the accident happened, and procuring a phial of laudanum, infused it into the wine and water which Delamere drank, and by that artifice obtained for him the repose he otherwise would not have been prevailed on to take.

After having slept several hours, he desired to pursue his journey in a post chaise; but Fitz-Edward had taken care that none should be immediately to be had. By these delays only it was that Emmeline reached London some hours before him.

However, when he renewed his journey, he still continued to trace her from stage to stage, till the last postilion who drove her was found.

He said, that he was ordered to stop at the first stand of coaches, into one of which the lady went, and, with the servant behind,

hind, drove away; but the lad neither knew the number of the coach, or recollected the coachman, or did he remember whither the coach was ordered to go.

Delamere passed two days, questioning all the coachmen on the stand; and in consequence of information pretended to be given by some of them, he got into two or three quarrels by going to houses they pointed out to him. And after offering and giving rewards which only seemed to redouble his difficulties, he appeared to be farther than ever from any probability of finding the fair fugitive he so anxiously sought.

Lord Montreville and his daughter staid only two days at Swansea after his departure. They travelled in very indifferent spirits to London; where they found Delamere ill at the lodgings of Fitz-Edward in Hill-street.

Lord Montreville found there was nothing alarming in his son's indisposition; but could not persuade him to accompany him to Lady Mary Otley's.

His

His Lordship and Miss Augusta Delamere set out therefore for that place; leaving Delamere to the care of Fitz-Edward, who promised not to quit him 'till he had agreed either to go to the Norfolk estate or to Mr. Percival's.

Lord Montreville was tolerably satisfied that he could not discover Emmeline; and Delamere having for above a fortnight attended at all public places without seeing her, and having found every other effort to meet her fruitless, reluctantly agreed to go to his father's estate in Norfolk.

It was now almost the end of August; and Fitz-Edward, after seeing him part of the way, took his leave of him, and again went to attend his duty in the North of Ireland.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE Delamere, in the deepest despondence, which he could neither conquer or conceal, made a vain effort to divert his mind with those amusements for which he no longer had any relish, Emmeline, at her new residence, attracted the attention of many of Mrs. Ashwood's visitors.

A widow, in possession of an handsome jointure, and her children amply provided for, Mrs. Ashwood was believed to entertain no aversion to a second marriage: and her house being so near London, was frequented by a great number of single men; many of whom came there because it was a pleasant jaunt from the city, where most of them resided; and others, with hopes of amending their fortunes by an alliance with the lady herself.

These latter, however, were chiefly the

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younger sons of merchants; and though pleased with their flattery and assiduity, Mrs. Ashwood, who had an almost equal share of vanity and ambition, had yet given no very decided preference to any; for she imagined her personal attractions, of which she had a very high idea, added to the advantages of a good income, good expectations, and opulent connections, entitled her to marry into an higher line of life than that in which her father had first engaged her.

Her acquaintance, however, was yet very limited among persons of fashion; and it was not wholly without hopes of encreasing it that she had consented to receive Miss Mowbray, whose relationship to Lord Montreville would, she imagined, be the means of introducing her to his Lordship's notice and to that of his family.

Her civility and kindness to Emmeline were unbounded for some time. And as she was not easily convinced of her own want of beauty, she never apprehended that she ran some risk of becoming a foil,
instead

instead of the first figure, as she expected generally to be.

The extreme simplicity of Emmeline's appearance, who notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mrs. Ashwood continued to dress nearly as she did in Wales; and her perfect ignorance of fashionable life and fashionable accomplishments, gave her, in the eyes of many of Mrs Ashwood's visitors, the air of a dependant; and those who visited with a view to the fortune of the latter, carefully avoided every appearance of preference to Emmeline, and kept her friend in good humour with herself.

But there were, among those who frequented her house, some men of business; who being rather in middle life, and immensely rich, had no other views in going thither than to pass a few hours in the country, when their mercantile engagements prevented their leaving London entirely; and who loved pleasure better than any thing but money.

With one or two of these, Mrs. Ashwood and her father had at different times en-

couraged overtures of marriage. But they knew and enjoyed the pleasure their fortune and single state afforded them too well to give those indulgences up for the advantage of increasing their incomes, unless the object had possessed greater attractions than fell to the share of Mrs. Ashwood; and her father could not be prevailed upon to give her (at least while he lived) a sum of money large enough to tempt their avarice. These overtures therefore had ended in nothing more than an intercourse of civility.

But Emmeline no sooner appeared, than one of these gentlemen renewed his visits with more than his original assiduity.

The extreme beauty of her person, and the *naivetè* of her manners, gave her, to him, the attractive charms of novelty; while the mystery there seemed to be about her, piqued his curiosity.

It was known that she was related to a noble family; but Mrs. Ashwood had been so earnestly entreated to conceal as much as possible her real history, lest Delamere should

should hear of and discover her, that she only told it to a few friends, and it had not yet reached the knowledge of Mr. Rochley, who had become the attendant of Mrs. Ashwood's tea table from the first introduction of Emmeline.

Mr. Rochley was nearer fifty than forty. His person, heavy and badly proportioned, was not relieved by his countenance, which was dull and ill-formed. His voice, monotonous and guttural, was fatiguing to the ear; and the singularity of his manners, as well as the oddness of his figure, often excited a degree of ridicule, which the respect his riches demanded could not always stifle.

With a person so ill calculated to inspire affection, he was very desirous of being a favourite with the ladies; and extremely sensible of their attractions. In the inferior ranks of life, his money had procured him many conquests, tho' he was by no means lavish of it; and much of the early part of his time had been passed in low amours; which did not, however, impede his pro-

gress to the great wealth he possessed. He had always intended to marry: but as he required many qualifications in a wife which are hardly ever united, he had hesitated till he had long been looked upon as an old bachelor.

He was determined to chuse beauty, but expected also fortune. He desired to marry a woman of family, yet feared the expensive turn of those brought up in high life; and had a great veneration for wit and accomplishments, but dreaded, lest in marrying a woman who possessed them, he should be liable to be governed by superior abilities, or be despised for the mediocrity of his own understanding.

With such ideas, his relations saw him perpetually pursuing some matrimonial project; but so easily frightened from his pursuit, that they relied on his succession with the most perfect confidence.

When first he beheld Emmeline, he was charmed with her person; her conversation, at once innocent and lively, impressed him with

with the most favourable ideas of her heart and understanding; and, brought up at a great distance from London, she had acquired no taste for expences, no rage for those amusements and dissipations which he so much apprehended in a wife.

When he came to Mrs. Ashwood's, (which was almost every afternoon) Emmeline, who was generally at work, or drawing in the dressing-room, never discomposed herself; but sat quietly to what she was doing; listening with the most patient complaisance to the long and uninteresting stories with which he endeavoured to entertain her; an attention which greatly contributed to win the heart of Rochely; and he was as much in love as so prudent a man could be, before he ventured to ask himself what he intended? or what was the family and what the fortune of the person who now occupied most of his time and a great portion of his thoughts?

Mrs. Ashwood, frequently engaged at the neighbouring card-tables, from which Emmeline almost always excused herself,

often left her and Mr. Rochely to drink tea together; and when she was at home, would sometimes make her party in another room, where the subject of laughter with her own admirers, was the growing passion of the rich banker for the fair stranger.

Emmeline did not, when present, escape ridicule on this subject: but as she had not the least idea that a man so much older than herself had any intention of offering himself as an husband, she bore it with great tranquillity, and continued to behave to Mr. Rochely with the attentive civility dictated by natural good breeding; while she heard, without any concern but on his account, the perpetual mirth and loud bursts of laughter which followed his compliments and attentions to her.

If he was absent a few days, the door of Mrs. Ashwood was crouded with servants and porters with game from Mr. Rochely. And his assiduities became at every visit more marked.

As it was now late in the autumn, Mrs. Ashwood was desirous of shewing Miss Mowbray

Mowbray some of those public places she had not yet seen ; and Emmeline (not apprehending there was any reason to fear meeting Mr. Delamere at a season when she knew fields sports kept him altogether in the country) made no difficulty to accompany her.

Mr. Rochely no sooner heard a party to the play proposed, than he desired to join it ; and Mrs. Ashwood, Miss Galton, (an intimate friend of her's), with Miss Mowbray, Mr. Hanbury, (one of Mrs. Ashwood's admirers), and Mr. Rochely, met at Drury-Lane Theatre ; where Emmeline was extremely well entertained.

When the play was over, the box was filled with several of Mrs. Ashwood's acquaintance, who talked to *her*, while their eyes were fixed on her young friend ; an observation that did not greatly lighten up her countenance.

The most conspicuous among these was a tall, thin, but extremely awkward figure, which in a most fashionable undress, and with a glass held to his eye, strided into

the box, and bowing with a strange gesture to Mrs. Ashwood, exclaimed—
“ Oh! my dear Mrs. A!—here I am!
“ —returned from Spa only last night;
“ and already at your feet. So here
“ you are? and not yet enchained by
“ that villainous fellow Hymen? You
“ are a good soul, not to give yourself
“ away while I was at Spa. I was hor-
“ ridly afraid, my dear widow! you would
“ not have waited even to have given me
“ a wedding favour.”

To this speech, as it required no answer, Mrs. Ashwood gave very little; for besides that she was not pleased with the matter, the manner delighted her still less. The speaker had, during the whole of it, leaned almost across the person who was next to him, to bring his glass nearly close to Emmeline's face.

Emmeline, extremely discomposed, drew back; and Mr. Rochely, who sat near her, putting away the glass softly with his hand, said very calmly to the leaning beau—

beau—"Sir, is there any occasion to take
 "an account of this lady's features?"

"Ah! my friend Rochely!" answered
 he familiarly, "what are you the lady's
 "Cicisbeo? as we say in Italy. Here is
 "indeed beauty enough to draw you from
 "the contemplation of three per cent.
 "consols, India bonds, omnium, scrip,
 "and douceurs. But prithee, my old
 "friend, is this young lady your ward?"

"My ward! no," answered Rochely,
 "how came you to think she was?"

Mr. Elkerton, who fancied he had vastly
 the advantage in point of wit, as well as
 of figure, over his antagonist, now desired
 to know, "whether the lady was his
 "niece? though if I had not recollected"
 said he, "that you never was married, I
 "should have taken her for your grand
 "daughter."

This sarcasm had, on the features of
 Rochely, all the effect the travelled man
 expected. But while he was preparing an
 answer, at which he was never very prompt,
 the coach was announced to be ready, and

Emmeline, extremely weary of her situation, and disgusted even to impatience with her new acquaintance, hastily arose to go.

Elkerton offered to take her hand; which she drew from him without attempting to conceal her dislike; and accepting the arm of Rochely, followed Mrs. Ashwood; while Elkerton, determined not to lose sight of her, seized the hand of Miss Galton, who being neither young, handsome, or rich, had been left to go out alone: they followed the rest of the party to the coach, where Mrs. Ashwood and Miss Mowbray, were already seated, with Mr. Hanbury; who, as he resided with his mother in the village where Mrs. Ashwood lived, was to accompany them home.

The coach being full, seemed to preclude all possibility of Elkerton's admittance. But he was not so easily put off: and telling Mrs. Ashwood he intended to go home to sup with her, he stepped immediately in, and ordered his servant,
who

who waited at the coach door with a flambeau, to direct his vis-a-vis to follow.

Rochely, who meant to have wished them a good night after seeing them to their carriage, was too much hurt by this happy essay of assurance not to resolve to counteract it's consequences. Elkerton, though not a very young man, was near twenty years younger than Rochely; besides the income of his business (for he was in trade) he had a large independent fortune, of which he was extremely lavish; his equipages were splendid; his house most magnificently furnished; and his cloaths the most expensive that could be bought.

Rochely, whose ideas of elegance, manners, or taste, were not very refined, had no notion that the absurdity of Elkerton, or his disagreeable person, would prevent his being a very formidable rival. He therefore saw him with great pain accompany Emmeline home; and though he had formed no positive designs himself, he could not bear to suppose that another might form them with success.

Directing

Directing therefore his charriot to follow the coach, he was set down at the door a few minutes after Mrs. Ashwood and her party; where Emmeline, still more displeased with Elkerton, and having been teized by his impertinent admiration the whole way, looked as if she could have burst into tears.

Mrs. Ashwood, in a very ill humour, hardly attended to his flourishing speeches with common civility; he had therefore recourse to Miss Galton, to whom he was giving the history of his travels, which seemed to take up much of his thoughts.

Miss Galton, who by long dependance and repeated disappointments had acquired the qualifications necessary for a patient hearer, acquiesced in smiling silence to all his assertions; looked amazed in the right place; and heard, with great complacency, his wonderful success at cards, and the favour he was in with women of the first fashion at Spa.

The entrance of Mr. Rochely gave no interruption to his discourse. He bowed
slightly

slightly to him without rising, and then went on, observing that he had now seen every part of Europe worth seeing, and meant, at least for some years, to remain in England; the ladies of which country he preferred to every other, and therefore intended taking a wife among them. Fortune was, he declared, to him no object; but he was determined to marry the handsomest woman he could meet with, for whom he was now looking out.

As he said this, he turned his eyes towards Emmeline; who affecting not to hear him, tho' he spoke in so loud a tone as to make it unavoidable, was talking in a low voice to Mr. Rochely.

Rochely placing himself close to her, had thrown his arm over the back of her chair; and leaning forward, attended to her with an expression in his countenance of something between apprehension and hope, that gave it the most grotesque look imaginable.

Mrs. Ashwood, who had been entertained apart by Mr. Hanbury, now hurried over
the

the supper; during which Elkerton, still full of himself, engrossed almost all the conversation; gave a detail of the purchases he had made abroad, and the trouble he had to land them; interspersed with *bon mots* of French Marquises and German Barons, and witty remarks of an English Duke with whom he had crossed the water on his return. But whatever story he told, himself was still forwardest in the picture; his project of marrying an handsome wife was again repeated; and he told the party how charming a house he had bought in Kent, and how he had furnished his library.

Rochely, who lay in wait to revenge himself for all the mortifications he had suffered from him during the evening, took occasion to say, in his grave, cold manner, “to be sure a man of your taste and
“erudition, Mr. Elkerton, cannot do
“without a library; but for my part, I
“think you will find no books can say so
“much to the purpose as those kept by
“your late father in Milk-street, Cheap.
“fide.”

Elkerton

Elkerton turned pale at this sneer; but forcing a smile of contempt, answered, "You bankers have no ideas out of your
 "compting-houses; and rich as ye are,
 "will never be any thing but *des bourgeois*
 " *les plus grossieres* ! For my part I see no
 "reason why—why a man's being in
 "business, should prevent his enjoying
 "the *elegancies* and *agrémens* of life,
 "especially if he can *afford* it; as it is
 "well known, I believe, even to you,
 "Sir, *that I can*."

"Oh! Sir," replied Rochley, "I know
 "your late father was *reputed* to have died
 "rich, and that no body has made a
 "better *figure about town* than you have,
 "ever since."

"As to figure, Sir," returned the other,
 "it is true I like to have every thing
 "about me *comme il faut*. And though I
 "don't make fifty per cent. of money, as
 "some gentlemen do in your way of busi-
 "ness, I assure you, Sir, I do nothing
 "that I cannot very well afford."

Mrs.

Mrs. Ashwood, who thought it very likely a quarrel might ensue, here endeavoured to put an end to such very unpleasant discourse; and prevented Mr. Hanbury, who equally hated them both, from trying to irritate them farther, to which he maliciously inclined.

The hints, however, of fatigue, given by her and Miss Mowbray, obliged Mr. Rochely to ring that his chariot might be called, which had waited at the door; while Elkerton, who had a pair of beautiful pied horses in his vis-à-vis, desired to have them sent for from a neighbouring inn—"for *I*" said he, rising and strutting round the room, "never suffer *my* people " or *my* horses to wait in the streets."

He then leant over Emmeline's chair, and began in a court tone to renew his compliments. But she suddenly arose; and begging Mrs. Ashwood would give her leave to retire, wished Mr. Rochely and ladies a good night; and slightly curtsying to Elkerton, who was putting him-
self

self into the attitude for a speech and a bow, she tripped away.

Rochely, as soon as she was gone, hastened to his chariot; and Elkerton, whose people were in no haste to leave the ale-house, begged to sit down 'till they came.

Mrs. Ashwood had been the whole evening particularly out of humour; and being no longer able to command it, answered peevishly, "that her house was much at his service, but that she was really so much fatigued she must retire—how—ever," said she, "Miss Galton, you will be so good as to stay with Mr. Elkerton—good night to you, Sir!"

He was no sooner alone with Miss Galton, than he desired her, after a speech (which he endeavoured to season with as much flattery as it would bear) to tell him who Emmeline was?

"Upon my word, Sir," answered she, "it is more than I know. Her name is Mowbray; and she is somehow connected with the family of Lord Montreville;

“ treville; but *what* relation,” (sneeringly answered she) “ I really cannot pretend
“ even to guess.”

“ A relation of Lord Montreville!”
cried Elkerton; “ why I knew his Lord-
“ ship intimately when I was abroad three
“ or four years ago. He was at Naples
“ with his son, his lady, and two daugh-
“ ters; and I was domesticated, abso-
“ lutely domesticated, among them. But
“ pray what relation to them can this
“ Miss Mowbray be?”

“ Probably,” said Miss Galton, “ as
“ you know his Lordship, you may know
“ what connections and family he has. I
“ suppose she may be his cousin—or his
“ niece—or his——.”

Here she hesitated and smiled; and Elkerton, whose carriage was now at the door, and who had a clue which he thought would procure him all the information he wanted, took leave of Miss Galton; desiring her to tell Mrs. Ashwood that he should wait upon her again in a few days.

CHAPTER XIII.

DELAMERE continued in Norfolk only a few weeks after his father and the family came thither. During that time, he appeared restless and dissatisfied; his former vivacity was quite lost; he shunned society; and passed almost all his time in the fields, under pretence of hunting or shooting, tho' the greatest satisfaction those amusements now afforded him was the opportunity they gave him of absenting himself from home. He seldom returned thither 'till six or seven o'clock; dined alone in his own apartment; and affected to be too much fatigued to be able to meet the party who assembled to cards in the evening.

Lady Mary Otley and her daughter, a widow lady of small fortune in the neighbourhood, with Lord and Lady Montreville and their eldest daughter, made up a party

party without him. Augusta Delamere had been left in their way from the North, with a relation of his Lordship's who lived near Scarborough, with whom she was to remain two months.

The party at Audley-Hall was soon increased by Sir Richard Crofts and his eldest son, who came every autumn on a visit to Lord Montreville, and who was his most intimate friend.

Lord Montreville, during the short time he studied at the Temple, became acquainted with Sir Richard, then clerk to an attorney in the city; who, tho' there was a great difference in their rank, had contrived to gain the regard and esteem of his Lordship (then Mr. Frederic Mowbray) and was, when he came to his estate, entrusted with it's management; a trust which he appeared to execute with such diligence and integrity, that he soon obtained the entire confidence of his patron; and by possessing great ductility and great activity, he was soon introduced into a higher line of life, and saw himself the companion and friend

friend of those, to whom, at his setting out, he appeared only an humble retainer.

Born in Scotland, he boasted of his ancestry, tho' his immediate predecessors were known to be indigent and obscure: and tho' he had neither eminent talents, nor any other education than what he had acquired at a free-school in his native town, he had, by dint of a very common understanding, steadily applied to the pursuit of one point; and assisted by the friendship of Lord Montreville, acquired not only a considerable fortune, but a seat in Parliament and a great deal of political interest, together with the title of a Baronet.

He had less understanding than cunning; less honesty than industry; and tho' he knew how to talk warmly and plausibly of honour, justice, and integrity, he was generally contented only to talk of them, seldom so imprudent as to practice them when he could get place or profit by their sacrifice.

He had that sort of sagacity which
enabled

enabled him to enter into the characters of those with whom he conversed: he knew how to humour their prejudices, and lay in wait for their foibles to turn them to his own advantage.

To his superiors, the cringing parasite; to those whom he thought his inferiors, proud, supercilious, and insulting; and his heart hardening as his prosperity increased, he threw off, as much as he could, every connection that reminded him of the transactions of his early life, and affected to live only among the great, whose luxuries he could now reach, and whose manners he tried to imitate.

He had two sons by an early marriage with a woman of small fortune, who was fortunately dead; for had she lived, she would probably have been concealed, lest she should disgrace him.

To his sons, however, he had given that sort of education which was likely to fit them for places under government; and he had long secretly intended the eldest for one of the Miss Delameres.

Delamere

Delamere, all warmth and openness himself, detested the narrow-minded and selfish father; and had shewn so much coolness towards the sons, that Sir Richard foresaw he would be a great impediment to his designs, and had therefore the strongest motive for trying to persuade Lord Montreville, that to send him on another tour to the Continent, would be the best means of curing him of what this deep politician termed "a ridiculous and boyish whim, which his Lordship ought at all events to put an end to before it grew of a more dangerous consequence."

Mr. Crofts, as he was no sportsman, passed his mornings in riding out with Miss Delamere and Miss Otley, or attending on the elder ladies in their airings: while Delamere, who wished equally to shun Miss Otley, whom he determined never to marry, and Crofts, whom he despised and hated, lived almost alone, notwithstanding the entreaties of his father and the anger of his mother.

Her Ladyship, who had never any com-

mand over her passions, harassed him, whenever they met, with sarcasms and reflections. Lady Mary, scorning to talk *to* a young man who was blind to the merits of her daughter, talked *at* him whenever she found an opportunity; and exclaimed against the disobedience, dissipation, and ill-breeding of modern young men: while Miss Otley affected a pretty disdain; and flirted violently with Mr. Crofts, as if to shew him that she was totally indifferent to his neglect.

The temper of Delamere was eager and irritable; and he bore the unpleasantness of this society, whenever he was forced to mix in it, with a sort of impatient contempt. But as he hourly found it more irksome, and the idea of Emmeline press every day more intensely on his heart, he determined, at the end of the third week, to go to London.

Not chusing to have any altercation with either Lord or Lady Montreville, he one evening ordered his man to have his horses ready at five o'clock the next day, saying
he

he was to meet the fox hounds at some distance from home ; and having written a letter to his Lordship, in which he told him he was going to London for a fortnight, (which letter he left on the table in his dressing-room) he mounted his horse, and was soon in town ; but instead of going to the house of his father in Berkley-square, he took lodgings in Pall-Mall.

Every night he frequented those public places which were yet open, in hopes of finding Emmeline ; and his servant was constantly employed for the same purpose ; but as he had no trace of her, all his enquiries were fruitless.

On the night that Emmeline was at the play, he had been at Covent-garden Theatre, and meant to have looked into the other house ; but was detained by meeting a young foreigner from whom he had received civilities at Turin, 'till the house was empty. So narrowly did he miss finding her he so anxiously sought.

Elkerton, in looking about for the happy woman who was worthy the exalted situa-

tion of being his wife, had yet seen none whom he thought so likely to succeed to that honour as Miss Mowbray; and if she was, on enquiry, found to be as she was represented, (related to Lord Montreville) it would be so great an additional advantage, that he determined in that case to lay himself and his pried horses, his house in Kent, his library, and his fortune, all at her feet immediately. Nor did he once suffer himself to suspect that there was a woman on earth who could withstand such a torrent of good fortune.

In pursuance therefore of this resolution, he determined to make enquiry of Lord Montreville himself; of whom he had just known so much at Naples as to receive cards of invitation to Lady Montreville's *conversations*.

There, he mingled with the croud; and was slightly noticed as an Englishman of fortune; smiled at for his affectation of company and manners, which seemed foreign to his original line of life; and then forgotten.

But

But Elkerton conceived this to be more than introduction enough; and dressing himself in what he thought *un disabille la plus imposante*, and with his servants in their morning liveries, he stopped at the door of Lord Montreville.

“ Lord Montreville was not at home.”

“ When was he expected ?”

“ It was uncertain : his Lordship was
“ at Audley-hall, and might be in town
“ in a fortnight; or might not come up
“ till the meeting of Parliament.”

“ And are all the family there ?” enquired Elkerton of the porter.

“ No, Sir; Mr. Delamere is in town.”

“ And when can I see Mr. Delamere ?”

The porter could not tell, as he did not live in Berkley-square.

“ Where, then, is he ?”

“ At lodgings in Pall-Mall :” (for Delamere had left his direction with his father’s servants.)

Elkerton therefore took the address with a pencil; and determined, without farther reflection, to drive thither.

It was about four o'clock, and in the middle of November, when Delamere had just returned to his lodgings, to dress before he met his foreign friend, and some other young men, to dine at a tavern in St. James's-street, when a loud rap at the door announced a visitor.

Millefleur having no orders to the contrary, and being dazzled with the splendour of Elderton's equipage, let him in; and he was humming an Italian air out of tune, in Delamere's drawing-room, when the latter came out in his dressing-gown and slippers to receive him.

Delamere, on seeing the very odd figure and baboonish face of Elkerton, instead of that of somebody he knew, stopped short and made a grave bow.

Elkerton advancing towards him, bowed also profoundly, and said, "I am charmed, Sir, with being permitted the honour of paying you my devoirs."

Delamere concluded from his look and bow, as well as from a foreign accent, (which Elkerton had affected 'till it was become

become habitual) that the man was either a dancing master or a quack doctor, sent to him by some of his companions, who frequently exercised on each other such efforts of practical wit. He therefore being not without humour, bowed again more profoundly than before; and answered, "that the honour was entirely his, tho' he did not know how he had deserved it."

"I was so fortunate, Sir," resumed Elkerton, "so fortunate as to—have the honour—the happiness—of knowing Lord Montreville and Lady Montreville a few years ago at Naples."

Delamere, still confirmed in his first idea, answered, "very probably, Sir."

And, Sir," continued Elkerton, "I now waited upon *you*, as his Lordship is not in town."

"Indeed, Sir, you are too obliging."

"To ask, Sir, a question, which I hope will not be deemed—be deemed—" (a word did not immediately occur) "be deemed—improper—intrusive—impertinent—inquisitive—presuming——"

L 4

"I dare

“ I dare say, Sir, nothing improper,
“ intrusive, impertinent, inquisitive, or
“ presuming, is to be apprehended from
“ a gentleman of your appearance.”

Delamere expected something very ridiculous to follow this ridiculous introduction, and with some difficulty forbore laughing.

Elkerton went on—

“ It relates, Sir, to a Lady.”

“ Pray, Sir, proceed. I am really impatient where a lady is concerned.”

“ You are acquainted, Sir, with a lady
“ of the name of Ashwood, who lives at
“ Clapham?”

“ No, really Sir, I am not so happy.”

“ I fancy then, Sir, I have been misin-
“ formed, and beg pardon for the trouble
“ I have presumed to give: but I under-
“ stood that the young lady who lives with
“ her was a relation of Lord Montreville.”

A ray of fire seemed to flash across the imagination of Delamere, and to inflame all his hopes. He blushed deeply, and his voice faltering with anxiety, he cried—

“ What?”

“What?—who, Sir?—a young lady?—
“what young lady?”

“Miss Mowbray, they tell me, is her
“name; and I understand, Sir—but I
“dare say from mistake—that she is of
“your family.”

Delamere could hardly breathe. He
seemed as if he was in a dream, and dared
not speak for fear of awaking.

Elkerton, led on by the questions Dela-
mere at length summoned resolution to ask,
proceeded to inform him of all he knew;
how, where, and how often, he had seen
Emmeline, and of his intentions to offer
himself a candidate for her favour—“for
“notwithstanding, Sir,” said he, “that
“Mr. Rochely seems to be *fort avant en*
“*ses bon graces*, I think—I hope—I be-
“lieve, that his fortune—(and yet his
“fortune does not perhaps so much ex-
“ceed mine as many suppose)—his for-
“tune will hardly turn the balance against
“*me*; especially if I have the sanction of
“Lord Montreville; to whom I suppose

“ (as you seem to acknowledge some affinity between Miss Mowbray and his Lordship) it will be no harm if I apply.”

Thro’ the mind of Delamere, a thousand confused ideas rapidly passed. He was divided between his joy at having found Emmeline, his vexation at knowing she was surrounded by rivals, and his fear that his father might, by the application of Elkerton to him, know that Emmeline’s abode was no longer a secret: and amidst these various sensations, he was able only to express his dislike of Elkerton, whose presumption in thinking of Emmeline appeared to cancel the casual obligation he owed to him for discovering her.

“ Sir,” said he haughtily, as soon as he could a little recover his recollection, “ I am very well assured that Lord Montreville will not hear any proposals for Miss Mowbray. His Lordship has, in fact, no authority over her; and besides he is at present about to leave his house in Norfolk, and I know not when he will
“ be

" be in town; perhaps not the whole win-
 " ter; he is now going to visit some
 " friends, and it will be impossible you can
 " have any access to him for some months.
 " As to myself, you will excuse me; I
 " am engaged to dine out."

He rang the bell, and ordered the ser-
 vant who entered to enquire for the gen-
 tleman's carriage. Then bowing coolly to
 him, he went into his dressing room, and
 left the mortified Elkerton to regret the
 little success of an attempt which he doubt-
 ed not would have excited, in the hearts of
 all those related to Miss Mowbray, admi-
 ration at his generosity, and joy for the good
 fortune of Emmeline: for he concluded, by
 her being a companion to Mrs. Ashwood,
 that she had no fortune, or any dependance
 but on the bounty of Lord Montreville.

Delamere, whose ardent inclinations,
 whatever turn they took, were never to be
 a moment restrained, rang for his servants;
 and dispatching one of them with an excuse
 to his friends, he sent a second for an

hackney-coach. Then ordering up a cold dinner, which he hardly staid to eat, he got into the coach, and directed it to be driven as fast as possible to Clapham Common; where he asked for the house of Mrs. Ashwood, and was presently at the door.

The servant had that moment opened the iron gate, to let out a person who had been to his mistress upon business. Delamere therefore enquiring if Miss Mowbray was at home, entered without ringing, and telling the servant that he had occasion to speak to Miss Mowbray only, the man answered, "that she was alone in the dressing-room." Thither therefore he desired to be shewn; and without being announced, he entered the room.

Instead of finding her alone, he saw her sit at work by a little table, on which were two wax candles; and by her side, with his arm, as usual, over the back of her chair, and gazing earnestly on her face, sat Mr. Rochely.

Emmeline did not look up when he came in, supposing it was the servant with
tea.

tea. Delamere therefore was close to the table when she saw him. The work dropped from her hands; she grew pale, and trembled; but not being able to rise, she only clasped her hands together, and said faintly, "oh! heaven!—Mr. Delamere!"

"Yes, Emmeline, it is Mr. Delamere!
 "and what is there so extraordinary in
 "that? I was told you were alone: may
 "I beg the favour of a few minutes conversation?"

Emmeline knew not what to reply. She saw him dart an angry and disdainful look at poor Rochely; who, alarmed by the entrance of a stranger that appeared on such a footing of familiarity, and who possessed the advantages of youth and a handsome person, had retreated slowly towards the fire, and now surveyed Delamere with scrutinizing and displeased looks; while Delamere said to Emmeline—"if you have no particular business
 "with this gentleman, will you go into
 "some other room, that I may speak to
 "you on an affair of consequence?"

"Sit

“ Sit down” said Emmeline, recovering her surprize ; “ sit down, and I will attend you presently. Tell me, how is your sister Augusta ?”

“ I know not. She is in Yorkshire.”

“ And Lord Montreville ?

“ Well, I believe. But what is all this to the purpose ? can I not speak to you, but in the presence of a third person ?”

Unequivocal as this hint was, Rochely seemed determined not to go, and Delamere as resolutely bent to affront him, if he did not.

Emmeline therefore, who knew not what else to do, was going to comply with his request of a private audience, when she was luckily relieved by the entrance of Mrs. Ashwood and the tea table.

Mrs. Ashwood, surprized at seeing a stranger, and a stranger whose appearance had more fashion than the generality of her visitors, was introduced to Mr. Delamere; a ceremony he would willingly have dispensed with ; and having made his bow, and muttered something about having taken

taken the liberty to call on his relation, he sat down by Emmeline, and in a whisper told her he must and would speak to her alone before he went.

Emmeline, to whose care the tea table was allotted when Miss Galton happened not to be at Mrs. Ashwood's, now excused herself under pretence of being obliged to make tea; and while it was passing, Mrs. Ashwood made two or three attempts to introduce general conversation; but it went no farther than a few insignificant sentences between her and Mr. Rochely.

Delamere, wholly engrossed by the tumultuous delight of having recovered Emmeline, and by contriving how to speak to her alone, thought nothing else worthy his attention; and sat looking at her with eyes so expressive of his love, that Rochely, who anxiously watched him, was convinced his solicitude was infinitely stronger than his relationship only would have produced.

He had at length learned, by constant attention to every hint and every circumstance that related to Emmeline, who she
was;

was ; and had even got from Mrs. Ashwood a confused idea of Delamere's attachment to her, which the present scene at once elucidated.

Rochely saw in him not only a rival, but a rival so dangerous that all his hopes seemed to vanish at once. Unconscious, 'till then, how very indiscreetly he was in love, he was amazed at the pain he felt from this discovery ; and with a most rueful countenance, sat silent and disconcerted.

Mrs. Ashwood, used to be flattered and attended to, was in no good humour with Mr. Delamere, who gave her so little of his notice : and never perhaps were a party more uncomfortable, 'till they were enlivened by the entrance of Miss Galton and Mr. Hanbury, with another gentleman.

They were hardly placed, and had their tea sent round, before a loud ring was heard, and the servant announced " Mr. Elkerton."

Mr. Elkerton came dancing into the
room ;

room; and having spoken to Mrs. Ashwood and Emmeline, he slightly surveyed the company, and sat down.

He was very near sighted, and affected to be still more so; and Delamere having drawn his chair out of the circle, sat almost behind Emmeline; while the portly citizen who had accompanied Mr. Hanbury sat forward, near the table; Delamere was therefore hardly seen.

Elkerton began to tell them how immoderately he was fatigued. “ I have
 “ been over the whole town,” said he,
 “ to day. In the morning I was obliged
 “ to attend a boring appointment upon
 “ business relative to my estate in Kent;
 “ and to meet my tenants, who disagreed
 “ with my steward; and then, I went to
 “ call upon my old friend Delamere, Lord
 “ Montreville’s son, in Pall-Mall; we
 “ passed a very chearful hour discoursing
 “ of former occurrences when we were
 “ together at Turin. Upon my word, he
 “ is a good sensible young man. We have
 “ renewed our intimacy; and he has
 “ insisted

“ insisted upon my going down with him
“ to his father’s house in Norfolk.”

Emmeline suspended her tea making, and looked astonished.

Mrs. Ashwood seemed surprized.

But Delamere, who had at first felt inclined to be angry at the folly and forwardness of Elkerton, was now so struck with the ridicule of the circumstance, that he broke into a loud laugh.

The eyes of the company were turned towards *him* and Elkerton with great indignation took his glass to survey who it was that had thus violated the rules of good breeding; but great was his dismay and astonishment, when he beheld the very Delamere, of whom he had spoken with so much assurance, rise up, and advancing towards him, make a grave bow.—

“ Sir,” said Delamere, very solemnly,
“ I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude
“ for your good opinion of me; nor my
“ happiness to hear you intend to honour
“ me with a visit at Audley Hall. Upon
“ my word you are *too* obliging, and I
“ know

“ know not how I shall shew my gratitude!”

The ironical tone in which this was delivered, and the discomposed looks of the distressed Elkerton, explained the matter to the whole company; and the laugh became general.

Elkerton, tho’ not easily disconcerted, could not stand it. After a sort of apology to Delamere, he endeavoured to reassume his consequence. But he had been too severely mortified; and in a few minutes arose, and under pretence of being engaged to a rout in town, went away, nobody attempting to stop him.

Rochely, who hated Elkerton, could not forbear to triumph in this discomfiture. He spoke very severely of him as a forward, impertinent, silly fellow, who was dissipating his fortune.

The old citizen heartily joined in exclaiming against such apostates from the frugality of their ancestors. “ Sir,” said he to Rochely, “ we all know that *you* are
“ a prudent man; and that cash at your
“ house

“ house is, as it were, in the Bank. Sir,
“ you do honour to the city; but as to that
“ there Mr. Elkerton, one must be cauti-
“ ous; but for *my* part, I wonder how
“ some people go on. To my certain
“ knowledge his father did’nt die so rich
“ as was supposed—no—not by a many
“ thousands. Sir, I remember him—(and
“ I am not ashamed to say it, for every
“ body knows *I* have got my money ho-
“ nestly, and that its all of my own get-
“ ting)—but, Sir, I remember that man’s
“ father, and not a many years ago neither,
“ carrying out parcels, and sweeping the
“ shop for old Jonathan Huggins. You
“ knew old Jonathan Huggins: he did not
“ die, I think, ’till about the year forty-one
“ or two. You remember him, to be
“ sure?”

Rochely, ever trembling alive when his age was called in question, yet fearing to deny a fact which he apprehended the other would enter into a convincing detail to prove, answered that “ he slightly remem-
“ bered him when he was quite a boy.”

But

But his evasion availed him nothing. The old citizen, Mr. Rugby, was now got upon his own ground; and most inhumanly for the feelings of poor Rochely, began to relate in whose mayoralty old Jonathan Huggins was sheriff, and when he was mayor; who he married; who married his daughters; and how he acquired an immense fortune, all by frugality at setting out; and how one of his daughters, who had married a Lord against the old man's will, had spent more in *one* night than his father did in a twelvemonth.

Delamere, who sat execrating both Jonathan Huggins and his historian, at length lost all patience; and said to Emmeline, in an half whisper, "I can bear this no longer: leave these tedious old fools, and let me speak to you for two minutes only."

Emmeline knew not how to refuse, without hazarding some extravagance on the part of Delamere. But as she did not like the appearance of leaving the room abruptly, she desired Mrs. Ashwood would give her permission to order candles in the parlour,

lour, as Mr. Delamere wished to speak with her alone.

As soon as the servant informed her they were ready, she went down: and Delamere followed her, having first wished Mrs. Ashwood a good night: who was too much displeased with the little attention he had shewn her, to ask him to supper, tho' she was very desirous of having a man of his fashion in the list of her acquaintance.

Delamere and Emmeline were no sooner alone, than he began to renew, with every argument he thought likely to move her, his entreaties for a private marriage. He swore that he neither could or would live without her, and that her refusal would drive him to some act of desperation.

Emmeline feared her resolution would give way; for the comparison between the people she had lately been among, and Delamere, was infinitely favourable to him. Such unabated love, in a man who might chuse among the fairest and most fortunate of women, was very seducing; and the advantages of being his wife, instead of con-
tinuing

tinuing in the precarious situation she was now in, would have determined at once a mind more attentive to pecuniary or selfish motives.

But Emmeline, unshaken by such considerations, was liable to err only from the softness of her heart.

Delamere unhappy—Delamere wearing out in hopeless solicitude the bloom of life, was the object she found it most difficult to contend with: and feeble would have been her defence, had she not considered herself as engaged in honour to Lord Montreville to refuse his son, and still more engaged to respect the peace of the family of her dear Augusta.

Strengthened by these reflections, she refused, tho' in the gentlest manner, to listen to such proposals; reproached him, tho' with more tenderness in her voice and manner than she had yet shewn, for having left Audley Hall without the concurrence of Lord Montreville; and entreated him to return, and try to forget her.

“ Let me perish if I do ! ” eagerly answered

swered Delamere. “ No, Emmeline; if
“ you determine to push me to extremi-
“ ties, to you only will be the misery im-
“ putable, when my mistaken parents, in
“ vain repentance, hang over the tomb of
“ their only son, and see the last of his
“ family in an early grave. It is in your
“ power only to save me—You refuse—
“ farewell, then—I wish no future regret
“ may embitter your life, and that you
“ may find consolation in being the wife
“ of some one of those persons who are,
“ I see, offering you all that riches can
“ bestow. Farewel, lovely, inhuman girl!
“ be happy if you can—after having sacri-
“ ficed to a mistaken point of honour, the
“ repose and the life of him who lived
“ only to adore you.”

So saying, he suddenly opened the door, and was leaving the room. But Emmeline, who shuddered at the picture he had drawn of his despair, and saw such traces of its reality on his countenance, caught his arm.

“ Stay! Mr. Delamere,” cried she,
“ stay yet a moment!”

“ For

“ For what purpose ? answered he,
“ since you refuse to hear me ? ”

He turned back, however, into the room ; and Emmeline, who fancied she saw him the victim of his unfortunate love, could no longer command her tears.

Delamere threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees.

“ Oh, Emmeline ! ” cried he, weeping also, “ hear me for the last time.—Either
“ consent to be mine, or let me take an
“ eternal adieu ! ”

“ What would you have me do ? good
“ God ! what is it you expect of me ? ”

“ To go with me to Scotland to-mor-
“ row—to night—directly ! ”

“ Oh, no ! no !—Does not Lord Mon-
“ treville depend upon my honour ?—can
“ I betray a trust reposed in me ? ”

“ Chimeras all ; founded in tyranny on
“ his part, and weakness on yours. *He* had
“ no right to exact such a promise ; *you*
“ had no right to give it. But however,
“ send to him again to say I have seen you
“ —summon him hither to divide us—

“ you may certainly do so if you please ;
“ but Lord Montreville will no longer
“ have a son ; at least England, nor
“ Europe, will contain him no longer—
“ I will go where my father shall hear no
“ more of me.”

“ Will it content you if I promise you
“ *not* to write to Lord Montreville, nor
“ to cause him to be written to ; and to
“ see you again ?”

“ When ?”

“ To morrow—whenever you please.”

Delamere, catching at this faint ray of hope, promised, if she would allow him to come thither when he would, he would endeavour to be calm. He made her solemnly protest that she would neither write to Lord Montreville, or procure another to do it ; and that she would not leave Mrs. Ashwood without letting him know when and whither she went ; and if by any accident his father heard of his having found her, that she would enter into no new engagement's to conceal herself from him.

Having

Having procured from her these assurances, which he knew she would not violate, and having obtained her consent to see him early the next morning, he at her request agreed to take his leave; which he did with less pain than he had ever before felt at quitting her; carrying with him the delightful hope that he had made an impression on her heart, and secure of seeing her the next day, he went home comparatively happy.

Emmeline, who had wept excessively, was very unfit to return to the company; but she thought her not appearing again among them would be yet more singular. She therefore composed herself as well as she could; and after staying a few minutes to recollect her scattered spirits, she entered the room where they were at cards.

Rochely, who was playing at whist with Mrs. Ashwood, Mr. Rugby, and Mr. Hanbury, looked anxiously at her eyes; and presently losing all attention to what he was about, and forgetting his game, he

played so extremely ill, that he lost the rubber.

The old cit, who had three half crowns depending, and who was a determined grumbler at cards, fell upon him without mercy ; and said so many rude things, that Rochely could not help retorting ; and it was with some difficulty Mrs. Ashwood prevented the grossest abuse being lavished from the enraged Rugby on the enamoured banker ; who desiring to give his cards to Miss Galton, got up and ordered his carriage.

Emmeline sat near the fire, with her handkerchief in her hand, which was yet wet with tears.

Rochely, with a privilege he had been used to, and which Emmeline, from a man old enough to be her father, thought very inconsequential, took her hand and the handkerchief it held.

“ So, Miss Mowbray,” said he, “ Mr. Delamere is your near relation ?”

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ And

“ And he has brought you, I fear, some
“ ill news of your family ?”

“ No, Sir,” sighed Emmeline.

“ No death, I hope ?”

“ No, Sir.”

“ Whence then, these tears ?”

Emmeline drew her hand away.

“ What a strange young man this is,
“ to make you cry. What has he been
“ saying to you ?”

“ Nothing, Sir.”

“ Ah ! Miss Mowbray ; such a lad as
“ that is but an indifferent guardian ; pray
“ where does his father live ?”

Miss Mowbray, not aware of the purpose
of this enquiry, and glad of any thing that
looked like common conversation, answered
“ at Audley-Hall, in Norfolk ; and in
“ Berkley-Square.”

Some other questions, which seemed of
no consequence, Rochely asked, and Emmeline
answered ; ’till hearing his carriage
was at the door, he went away.

“ I don’t like your Mr. Delamere at all,
“ Miss Mowbray,” said Mrs. Ashwood, as

M. 3.

soon.

soon as the game ended. " I never saw a
" prouder, more disagreeable young man
" in my life."

Emmeline smiled faintly, and said she
was sorry he did not please her.

" No, nor me neither," said Miss Gal-
ton. " Such haughtiness indeed!—yet I
" was glad he mortified that puppy El-
" kerton."

Emmeline, who found the two friends
disposed to indulge their good nature at
the expence of the company of the even-
ing, complained of being fatigued, and
asked for a glass of wine and water: which
having drank, she retired to bed, leaving
the lady of the house, who had invited
Mr. Hanbury and his friend to supper, to
enjoy more stories of Jonathan Huggins,
and the pretty satyrical efforts of Miss
Galton, who made her court most effec-
tually by ridiculing and villifying all their
acquaintance whenever it was in her
power.

C H A P.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Rochely got home, he set about examining the state of his heart exactly as he would have examined the check book of one of his customers.

He found himself most miserably in love. But avarice said, Miss Mowbray had no fortune.

By what had passed in his bosom that evening, he had discovered that he should be wretched to see her married to another.

But avarice enquired how he could offer to marry a woman without a shilling?

Love, represented that her modest, reserved, and unambitious turn, would perhaps make her, in the end, a more profitable match than a woman educated in expence, who might dissipate more than she brought.

Avarice asked whether he could depend

on modesty, reserve, and a retired turn, in a girl not yet eighteen?

After a long discussion, Love very unexpectedly put to flight the agent of Plutus, who had, with very little interruption, reigned despotically over all his thoughts and actions for many years; and Rochely determined to write to Lord Montreville, to lay his circumstances before him, and make a formal proposal to marry Miss Mowbray.

In pursuance of this resolution, he composed, with great pains, (for he was remarkably slow in whatever he undertook) the following epistle.—

“ My Lord,

“ This serves to inform your Lordship,
“ that I have seen Miss Mowbray, and
“ like her well enough to be willing to
“ marry her, if you, my Lord, have not
“ any other views for her; and as to fortune, I will just give your Lordship a
“ memorandum of mine.

“ I have

“ I have sixty thousand pounds in the
 “ stocks ; viz. eighteen in the three per
 “ cent. consols. twenty in Bank stock :
 “ ten in East India stock ; and twelve in
 “ South Sea annuities.

“ I have about forty thousand on dif-
 “ ferent mortgages ; all good, as I will be
 “ ready at any time to shew you. I have
 “ houses worth about five more. And
 “ after the death of my mother, who is
 “ near eighty, I shall have an estate in
 “ Middlesex worth ten more. The in-
 “ come of my business is near three
 “ thousand pounds a year ; and my whole
 “ income near ten thousand.

“ My character, my Lord, is well
 “ known : and you will find, if we agree,
 “ that I shall not limit Miss Mowbray’s
 “ settlement to the proportion of what
 “ your Lordship may please to give her,
 “ (for I suppose you will give her some-
 “ thing) but to what she ought to have
 “ as my widow, if it should so happen
 “ that she survives me.

“ I have reason to believe Miss Mow-

M 5

“ bray

“ bray has no dislike to this proposal;
 “ and hope to hear from your Lordship
 “ thereon by return of post.

“ I am, my Lord,

“ your Lordship’s very humble servant,

“ HUMPHREY ROCHELY.”

Lombard-street,

Nov. 20 h. 17—.

This was going to the point at once. The letter arrived in due time at Audley-Hall; and was received by Lord Montreville with surprise and satisfaction. The hint of Miss Mowbray’s approbation made him hope she was yet concealed from Delamere; and as he determined to give the earliest and strongest encouragement to this overture, from a man worth above an hundred thousand pounds, he called a council with Sir Richard Crofts, who knew Rochely, and who kept cash with him; and it was determined that Lord Montreville should go to town, not only to close at once with the opulent banker, but to get
 Dela-

Delamere out of the way while the marriage was in agitation, which it would otherwise be impossible to conceal from him. To persuade him to another continental tour was what Sir Richard advised: and agreed to go to town with his Lordship, in order to assist in this arduous undertaking.

Lord Montreville, however, failed not immediately to answer the letter he had received from Mr. Rochely, in these terms—

“ Sir,

“ This day’s post brought me the
“ honour of your letter.

“ If Miss Mowbray is as sensible as she
“ ought to be, of so flattering a distinction, be assured it will be one of the
“ most satisfactory events of my life to
“ see her form a connection with a gentleman truly worthy and respectable.

“ To hasten the completion of an event
“ so desirable, I fully intend being in town
“ in a very few days; when I will, with

M 6

“ your

" your permission, wait on you in Lombard-street.

" I have the honour to be, with great
" esteem,

" Sir,

" your most devoted,

" and most obedient servant,

" MONTREVILLE."

Audley-Hall, Nov. 23.

The haughty Peer, who derived his blood from the most antient of the British Nobility, thus condescended to flatter opulence and to court the alliance of riches. Nor did he think any advances he could make, beneath him, when he hoped at once to marry his niece to advantage, and what was yet more material, put an invincible bar between her and his son.

While this correspondence, so inimical to Delamere's hopes, was passing between his father and Mr. Rochely, he was every hour with Emmeline; intoxicated with his passion; indulging the most delightful hopes,
and

and forgetting every thing else in the world.

He had found it his interest to gain (by a little more attention, and some fine speeches about elegance and grace,) the good opinion of Mrs. Ashwood; who now declared she had been mistaken in her first idea of him, and that he was not only quite a man of fashion, but possessed an excellent understanding and very refined sentiments.

The sudden death of her father had obliged her to leave home some days before: but as soon as she was gone, Emmeline, who foresaw that Delamere would be constantly with her, sent for Miss Galton.

No remonstrance of her's could prevent his passing every day at the house, from breakfast 'till a late hour in the evening.

On the last of these days, he was there as usual; and it was past eight at night, when Emmeline, who had learned to play on the harp, by being present when Mrs. Ashwood received lessons on that instrument, was singing to Delamere a little simple air of which he was particularly fond, and into
which

which she threw so much pathos, that lost in fond admiration, he “hung over her, “enamoured,” when she was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who said that a Lord, but he forgot the name, was below, and desired to speak with Miss Mowbray.

If Emmeline was alarmed at the sight of Lord Montreville at Swansea, when she had acted with the strictest attention to his wishes, she had now much more reason to be so, when she felt herself conscious of having given encouragement to Delamere, and had reason to fear her motives for doing so would be misbelieved or misunderstood.

Tho’ the servant had forgotten his name, Emmeline doubted not but it was Lord Montreville; and she had hardly time to think how she should receive him, before his Lordship (who had impatiently followed the servant up stairs) entered the room.

Delamere, immovable behind Emmeline’s chair, was the first object that struck him.

He had hoped that her residence was yet
unknown

unknown to his son; and surprise, vexation, and anger, were marked in his countenance and attitude.

“ Miss Mowbray!” (advancing towards her) “ is it thus you fulfil the promise you gave me? And you, Mr. Delamere— do you still obstinately persist in this ridiculous, this unworthy attachment?”

“ I left you, my Lord,” answered Delamere, “ without deceiving you as to my motives for doing so. I came in search of Miss Mowbray. By a fortunate accident I found her. I have never dissimulated; nor ever mean it in whatever relates to her. Nothing has prevented my making her irrevocably mine, but her too scrupulous adherence to a promise *she* ought never to have given, and which your *Lordship* ought never to have extorted.”

Emmeline, gentle as she was, had yet that proper spirit which conscious worth seldom fails of inspiring: and knowing that she had already sacrificed much to the respect she thought Lord Montreville entitled

to, she was hurt at finding, from his angry and contemptuous tone, as well as words, that she was condemned unheard, and treated with harshness where she deserved only kindness and gratitude.

The courage of which her first surprise had deprived her, was restored by these sensations; and she said, with great coolness, yet with less timidity than usual, "my Lord, I have yet done nothing in violation of the promise I gave you. But the moment your Lordship doubts my adherence to it, from that moment I consider it as dissolved."

Delamere, encouraged by an answer so flattering to his hopes, now addressed himself to his father, who was by this time seated; and spoke so forcibly of his invincible attachment, and his determined purpose never to marry any other woman, that the resolution of Lord Montreville was shaken, and would perhaps have given way, if the violent and clamorous opposition of his wife on one hand, and the ambitious projects and artful advice of Sir Richard Crofts

Crofts on the other, had not occurred to him. He commanded himself so far as not to irritate Delamere farther, by reflections on the conduct of Emmeline, which he found would not be endured; and trying to stifle his feelings under the dissimulation of the courtier, he heard with patience all he had to urge. He even answered him with temper; made an apology to Emmeline for any expressions that might have given her offence; and at length threw into his manner a composure that elated Delamere to a degree of hope hitherto unfelt. He fancied that his father, weary of hopeless opposition, and convinced of the merit of Emmeline, would consent to his marriage: and his quick spirit seizing with avidity on an idea so flattering, converted into a confirmation of it, all Lord Montreville's discourse for the remainder of the visit: in which, by dissimulation on one part, and favourable expectations on the other, they both seemed to return to some degree of good humour.

Delamere agreed to go home with his father;

father; and Lord Montreville having determined to return the next day to speak to Emmeline on the proposals of Rochely, they parted; his Lordship meditating as he went home how to prevent Delamere's interrupting the conference he wished to have on a subject which was so near his heart.

On his arrival at his own house, he found Sir Richard Crofts waiting for him, whom he detained to supper. Delamere, as soon as it was over, went to his lodgings; which Lord Montreville did not oppose, as he wished to be alone with Sir Richard; but he desired, that after that evening Delamere would return to his apartments in Berkley-square; which he partly promised to do.

Lord Montreville related to Sir Richard what had passed, and the uneasiness he was under to find that Delamere, far from relaxing in his determination, had openly renewed his addresses; and that Emmeline seemed much less disposed to sacrifice his
wishes

wishes to those of his family, than he had yet found her.

Sir Richard, himself wholly insensible to the feelings of a father, discouraged in Lord Montreville every tendency to forgive or indulge this indiscreet passion. And equally incapable of the generous sentiments of a gentleman towards a woman, young, helpless, dependant, and unfortunate, he tried to harden the heart of Lord Montreville against his orphan niece, and advised him peremptorily to insist on her marrying Rochely immediately, or, as the alternative, to declare to her that from the moment of her refusal she must expect from him neither support or countenance.

This threat on one hand, and the affluence offered her by Rochely on the other, must, he thought, oblige her to embrace his proposals. The greatest difficulty seemed to be, to prevent Delamere's impetuosity from snatching her at once out of the power of his father, by an elopement; to which, if she preferred him to Rochely, it was very probable she might be driven by harsh measures

tures to consent ; and that Delamere must have in her heart a decided preference, there could be little doubt.

Lord Montreville was apprehensive that Delamere, who had, he found, for many days lived entirely at Mrs. Ashwood's, would be there before him in the morning, and preclude all possibility of a private conversation with Emmeline.

Fitz-Edward, who could, and from the duplicity of his character would perhaps have made a diversion in his favour, was not in town ; and to both the Mr. Crofts Delamere had an antipathy, which he took very little pains to conceal ; they therefore could not be employed to engage him.

In this difficulty, Sir Richard offered to go himself to Miss Mowbray, that Lord Montreville might be at liberty to detain his son ; pretences for which could not be wanting.

His Lordship closed with this offer with pleasure ; and felt himself relieved from a painful task. His heart, though greatly changed by a long course of good fortune,
and

and by the habit of living among the great, was yet not quite lost to the feelings of nature.

His brother, than whom he was only a year younger, and whom he had loved thro' childhood and youth with singular attachment, was not wholly forgotten; and the softened likeness, in the countenance of Emmeline, to one whom he had so long been used to look up to with tenderness, frequently said as much for her to his affection, as her unprotected and helpless state did to his honour and his compassion. Nor, whatever pains he took to stifle his pity for his son, could he entirely reconcile to his own heart the part he was acting.

But of these feelings, meritorious as they were, he was ashamed, and dared not avow them even to himself; while he was intimidated by the supercilious spirit and unconquerable pride of Lady Montreville, and tempted by the visions of encreasing splendour and accumulated riches which Sir Richard perpetually presented to his imagination, and which there
was

was indeed but little doubt of realizing.

The Mowbray family were known to possess abilities. Those of the deceased Mr. Mowbray were remarkably great tho' he had thrown away his time and health in a course of dissipation which had made them useless.

The talents of Lord Montreville, tho' less brilliant, were more solid. And now in the meridian of life, with powerful connections and extensive interest, he was courted to accept an eminent post in administration, with a promise of a Marquisate being restored to him, which had long lain dormant in his own family, and of the revival of which he was extremely ambitious.

To support such a dignity, his son's future fortune, ample as it must be, would not, he thought, be adequate; and could only be made so by his marrying Miss Otley or some woman of equal fortune.

This, therefore, was the weight which entirely over-balanced all his kindness
for

for his niece, and confirmed his resolution to tear her from Delamere at whatever price.

CHAPTER XV.

IT was much earlier than the usual hour for morning visits, when Sir Richard Crofts was at the door of Mrs Ashwood.

Miss Mowbray had given no orders to be denied ; and he was, on enquiring for her, shewn into the parlour.

As soon as the servant informed her a gentleman was below whom she found was not Delamere, she concluded it was Lord Montreville ; and with a fearful and beating heart, went down.

She saw, with some surprise, a middle-aged man, of no very pleasant countenance and person, to whom she was an entire stranger ; and concluding his business was with Mrs. Ashwood, she was about to retreat,

treat, when the gentleman advancing to wards her, told her he waited on her, commissioned by Lord Montreville.

Emmeline sat down in silence, and Sir Richard began.

“ Miss Mowbray, I have the honour
“ to be connected with Lord Montre-
“ ville, and entirely in his Lordship’s
“ confidence: you will please therefore
“ to consider what I shall say to you as
“ coming immediately, directly, and ab-
“ solutely, from himself; and as his Lord-
“ ship’s decided, and unalterable, and
“ irrevocable intentions.”

The abruptness of this speech shocked and distressed Emmeline. She grew very pale; but bowing slightly to the speaker, he went on.

“ My Lord Montreville hopes and sup-
“ poses, and is willing to believe, that
“ you have not, in direct violation of your
“ promise, solemnly given, encouraged
“ Mr. Delamere in the absurd, and impos-
“ sible, and impracticable project of mar-
“ rying you. But however that may have
“ been, as it is his Lordship’s firm resolu-
tion

“tion and determination never to suffer
 “such a connexion, you have, I suppose,
 “too much sense not to see the mischief
 “you must occasion, and bring on, and
 “cause to yourself, by encouraging a giddy,
 “and infatuated, and ignorant, and rash
 “young man, to resist paternal authority.”

Emmeline was still silent.

“Now here is an opportunity of estab-
 “lishing yourself in affluence, and reputa-
 “tion, and fortune, beyond what your most
 “sanguine hopes could offer you; and I
 “am persuaded you will eagerly and rea-
 “dily, and immediately embrace it. Lord
 “Montreville insists upon it; the world
 “expects it; and Mr. Delamere’s family
 “demand it of you.”

“Sir!” said Emmeline, astonished at
 the peremptory tone and strange purport
 of these words.

“It is my custom,” resumed Sir Rich-
 ard, “when I am upon business, to speak
 “plainly, and straitly, and to the point.
 “This then is what I have to propose—

“ You are acquainted with Mr. Rochely,
“ the great banker ? ”

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ He offers to my Lord Montreville to
“ marry you ; and to make settlements on
“ you equal to what you might have
“ claimed, had you a right to be confi-
“ dered as a daughter of the house of Mow-
“ bray. His real fortune is very great ; his
“ annual income superior to that of many
“ of the nobility ; and there *can* be no rea-
“ son, indeed none will be allowed, or
“ listened to, or heard of, why you should
“ not eagerly, and instantly, and joyfully
“ accept a proposal so infinitely superior
“ to what you have any claim, or right,
“ or pretence to.”

This was almost too much for poor Emmeline. Anger and disdain, which she found fast rising in her bosom, restrained her tears : but her eyes flashed indignantly on the unfeeling politician who thus so indelicately addressed her.

He would not give her time to speak ; but seemed determined to overwhelm her
imagina-

imagination at once with the contrast he placed before her.

“ If,” continued he, “ you will agree
 “ to become the wife of Mr. Rochely, as
 “ soon as settlements can be prepared, my
 “ Lord Montreville, of whose generosity,
 “ and greatness of mind, and liberality,
 “ too much cannot be said, offers to con-
 “ sider you as being really his niece; as
 “ being really a daughter of the Mowbray
 “ family; and, that being so considered,
 “ you may not be taken by any man por-
 “ tionless, he will, on the day of marriage,
 “ present, and settle on, and give you,
 “ three thousand pounds.

“ Now, Miss Mowbray, consider, and
 “ weigh, and reflect on this well; and
 “ give me leave, in order that you may
 “ form a just judgment, to tell you the
 “ consequence of your refusal.

“ My Lord Montreville, who is not
 “ obliged to give you the least assistance,
 “ or support, or countenance, does by me
 “ declare, that if you are so weak (to call
 “ it by no harsher name) as to refuse this

“astonishing, and amazing, and singular
“good fortune, he shall consider you as
“throwing off all duty, and regard, and
“attention to him; and as one, with whose
“fate it will be no longer worth his while
“to embarrass, perplex, and concern him-
“self. From that moment, therefore, you
“must drop the name of Mowbray, to
“which in fact you have no right, and
“take that of your mother, whatever it
“be; and you must never expect from my
“Lord Montreville, or the Mowbray-De-
“lamere family, either countenance, or
“support, or protection.

“Now, Miss Mowbray, your answer.
“The proposition cannot admit of delibe-
“ration, or doubt, or hesitation, and my
“Lord expects it by me.”

The presence of mind which a very excellent understanding and a very innocent heart gave to Emmeline, was never more requisite than on this occasion. The rude and peremptory manner of the speaker; the dreadful alternative of Rochely on one side, and indigence on the other, thus suddenly

suddenly and unexpectedly brought before her; was altogether so overcoming that she could not for a moment collect her spirits enough to speak at all. She sighed; but her agitation was too great for tears; and at length summoning all her courage, she replied—

“ My Lord Montreville, Sir, would
 “ have been kinder, had he delivered him-
 “ self his wishes and commands. Such,
 “ however, as I now receive them, they
 “ require no deliberation. *I will not* marry
 “ Mr Rochely, tho’ instead of the fortune
 “ you describe, he could offer me the
 “ world—Lord Montreville *may* abandon
 “ me, but he *shall not* make me wretched.
 “ Tell him therefore, Sir,” (her spirit rose
 as she spoke) “ that the daughter of his
 “ brother, unhappy as she is, yet boasts
 “ that nobleness of mind which her father
 “ possessed, and disclaims the mercenary
 “ views of becoming, from pecuniary mo-
 “ tives, the wife of a man whom she can-
 “ not either love or esteem. Tell him too,
 “ that if she had not inherited a strong
 N 3 “ sense

“ sense of honour, of which at least her
“ birth does not deprive her, she might
“ now have been the wife of Mr Dela-
“ mere, and independant of his Lordship’s
“ authority; and it is improbable, that one
“ who has sacrificed so much to integrity,
“ should now be compelled by threats of
“ indigence to the basest of all actions,
“ that of selling her person and her hap-
“ piness for a subsistence. I beg that *you*,
“ *Sir*, who seem to have delivered Lord
“ Montreville’s message, with such scrupu-
“ lous exactness, will take the trouble to
“ be as precise in my answer; and that his
“ Lordship will consider it as final.”

Having said this, with a firmness of voice and manner which resentment, as well as a noble pride, supplied; she arose, curtsied composedly to Sir Richard, and went out of the room; leaving the unsuccessful ambassador astonished at that strength of mind, and dignity of manner, which he did not expect in so young a woman, and somewhat mortified, that his masculine eloquence, on which he was accustomed

customed to pride himself, and which he thought generally unanswerable, had so entirely fallen short of the effect he expected.

Unwilling however to return to Lord Montreville without hopes of success, he thought he might obtain at least some information from Mrs. Ashwood of the likeliest means to move her untractable and high spirited friend. He therefore rang the bell, and desired to speak with that lady. But as she was not yet returned from the house of her father, where a family meeting was held to inspect his will, Sir Richard failed of attempting to secure her agency ; and was obliged, however reluctantly, to depart.

Emmeline, whose command of herself was exerted with too much violence not to shake her whole frame with its effects, no sooner reached her own chamber than she found all her courage gone, and a violent passion of tears succeeded.

Her deep convulsive sighs reached the ears of Miss Galton; who entered the room,

and began in the common mode of consolation, first to enquire why she wept?

Emmeline answered only by weeping the more.

Miss Galton enquired if that gentleman was Lord Montreville.

Emmeline was unable to reply; and Miss Galton finding no gratification to her curiosity, which, mingled with envious malignity, had long been her ruling passion, was obliged to quit the unhappy Emmeline; which was indeed the only favour she could do her.

The whole morning had passed before Miss Mowbray was able to come down stairs, and when she did, her languor and dejection were excessive. Miss Galton only dined with her; if it might be called dining, for she eat nothing; but just as the cloth was removed, a coach stopped, and Mrs. Ashwood appeared, led by her brother, Mr. Stafford.

Emmeline, who had not very lately heard from her beloved friend, now eagerly enquired after her, and learned that the illness
of

of one of her children had, together with her being far advanced in her pregnancy, prevented her coming to London with Mr. Stafford; who, tho' summoned thither immediately on his father's death, had only arrived the evening before; the messenger that went having missed him at his own house, and having been obliged to follow him into another county.

He delivered to Miss Mowbray a letter from Mrs. Stafford, with which Emmeline, eager to read it, retired—

“ Trust me, Emmeline, no abatement
 “ in my tender regard, has occasioned my
 “ omitting to write to you: but anxiety
 “ of mind so great, as to deprive me of all
 “ power to attend to any thing but it's im-
 “ mediate object.—Your poor little friend
 “ Harry, who looked so much recovered,
 “ and so full of health and spirits, when
 “ you left him at Swansea, was three weeks
 “ ago seized again with one of those fevers
 “ to which he has so repeatedly been liable,
 “ and for many days his life appeared to

“ be in the most immediate danger. You
“ know how far we are from a physician :
“ and you know my anxiety for this first
“ darling of my heart ; judge then, my
“ Emmeline, of the miserable hours I have
“ known, between hope and fear, and the
“ sleepless nights I have passed at the bed
“ side of my suffering cherub ; and in my
“ present state I doubly feel all this anxiety
“ and fatigue, and am very much otherwise
“ than well. Of myself, however, I think
“ not, since Harry is out of danger, and
“ Dr. Farnaby thinks will soon be entirely
“ restored ; but he is still so very weak,
“ that I never quit him even a moment.
“ The rest of my children are well ; and all
“ who are capable of recollection, remem-
“ ber and love you.

“ And now, my dear Miss Mowbray, as
“ the visitors who have been with me
“ ever since my return from Swansea, are
“ happily departed and no others expected,
“ and as Mr. Stafford will be engaged in
“ town almost all the winter, in conse-
“ quence of his father’s death, will you not
“ come

“ come to me ? *You* only can alleviate and
 “ share a thousand anxieties that prey on
 “ my spirits; *you* only can sweeten the hour
 “ of my confinement, which will happen
 “ in January ; and before *you* only I can
 “ sigh at liberty and be forgiven.

“ Ah ! Emmeline—the death of Mr.
 “ Stafford’s father, far from producing sa-
 “ tisfaction as increasing our fortune,
 “ brings to me only regret and sorrow.
 “ He loved me with great affection ; and I
 “ owe him a thousand obligations. The
 “ family will have reason to regret his loss ;
 “ tho’ the infirmities of the latter part of
 “ his life were not much alleviated by
 “ their attendance or attention.

“ Come to me, Emmeline, if possible ;
 “ come, if you can, with Mr. Stafford ;
 “ or if he is detained long in town, come
 “ without him. I will send my post-chaise
 “ to meet you at Basingstoke. Lord Mon-
 “ treville cannot object to it ; and Dela-
 “ mere, whom you have never mentioned
 “ has, I conclude, given way to the
 “ peremptory commands of his father,

“ and has determined to forget my Emmeline,

“ Is it then probable any one can forget her? I know not of what the volatile and thoughtless Delamere may be capable; but I know that of all things it would be the most impossible to her truly attached and affectionate,

“ C. STAFFORD.

Woodfield, Nov. 30.

This letter gave great relief to the mind of the dejected Emmeline. That her first and dearest friend, opened at this painful crisis her consolatory bosom to receive and pity her; and that she should have the power to share her fatigue, and lessen the weight of her anxiety during the slow recovery of her child; seemed to be considerations which softened all the anguish she had endured during the day.

She was however too much disordered to go down to tea; and told Mrs. Ashwood, who civilly came up to enquire after her, that

that she had a violent pain in her head and would go to bed.

Mrs. Ashwood, full of her increased fortune, and busied in studying to make her deep mourning as becoming as possible, let her do as she would, and thought no more about her.

She had therefore time to meditate at leisure on her wayward fate: and some surprise that Delamere had not appeared the whole day, mingled itself with her reflections.

Poor Delamere was not to blame. Lord Montreville had sent to him very early in the morning to desire to see him for five minutes on business of consequence.

Delamere, who from what had passed the evening before had indulged, during the night, the fondest dreams of happiness, obeyed the summons not without some hopes that he should hear all his favourable presages confirmed. When he came, however, his father, waving all discourse that related to Emmeline or himself, affected to consult him on a proposal he had received
for

for his eldest sister, which the family were disposed to promote; and after detaining him as long as he could on this and on other subjects, he desired him to send to his lodgings for Millefleur, and to dress as expeditiously as possible, in order to accompany him to dine at Lord Dornock's, a Scottish nobleman, with whom his Lordship was deeply engaged in the depending negociation with Ministry; and who was at his seat, about nine miles from London.

Delamere reluctantly engaged in such a party. But however short his father's discourse fell of what he hoped, he yet determined to get the better of his repugnance and obey him; still flattering himself that Lord Montreville would lead to the subject nearest his heart, or that in the course of the day he should at least have an opportunity of introducing it.

They therefore set out together, on the most amicable terms, in Lord Montreville's coach. But as they had taken up on their way a gentleman who held a place under Lord Dornock, his presence prevented any
conver-

conversation but on general subjects, during their short journey.

The dinner passed as such dinners generally do—too much in the secret to touch on politics, all such discourse was carefully avoided at the table of Lord Dornock.

In literature they had no resource ; and therefore the conversation chiefly turned on the pleasure they were then enjoying—that of the luxuries of the table. They determined on the merits of the venison of the past season ; settled what was the best way of preparing certain dishes ; and whose domain produced the most exquisite materials for others. And on these topics a society of cooks could not have more learnedly descanted.

Delamere, not yet of an age to be initiated into the noble science of eating, and among whose ideas of happiness the delights of gratifying his palate had not yet been numbered, heard them with impatience and disgust.

He was obliged, however, to stay while the wines were criticised as eloquently as
the

the meats had been; and to endure a long harangue from the master of the house, on *cote roti* and *lacryma Christi*; and after the elder part of the company had adjusted their various merits and swallowed a sufficient quantity, the two noblemen retired to a private conference; and Delamere, obliged to move into a circle of insipid women, took refuge in cards, which he detested almost as much as the entertainment he had just quitted.

The hours, however slowly, wore away, and his patience was almost exhausted: soon after ten o'clock he ventured to send to his father, to know whether he was ready to return to town? but he received a message in reply, "that he had determined to stay all night where he was."

Vexed and angry, Delamere began to suspect that his father had some design in thus detaining him at a distance from Emmeline; and fired by indignation at this idea, equally scorning to submit to restraint or to be detained by finesse, he disengaged himself from the card table, fetched his hat, and

and without speaking to any body, walked to the next village, where he got into a post-chaise and was presently in London; but as it was almost twelve o'clock, he forbore to visit Emmeline that night.

CHAPTER XVI.

AS soon as there was any probability of Emmeline's being visible the next morning, Delamere was at Clapham.

The servant of whom he enquired for her, told him, that Miss Mowbray had not yet rang her bell, and that as it was later than her usual hour, she was afraid it was owing to her being ill.

Alarmed at this intelligence, Delamere eagerly questioned her further; and learned that the preceding morning, a gentleman who had never been there before, had
been

been to see Miss Mowbray, and had staid with her about three quarters of an hour, during which he had talked very loud; and that after he was gone, she had hastened to her own room, crying sadly, and had seemed very much vexed the whole day afterwards. That when she went to bed, which was early in the evening, she had sighed bitterly, and said she was not well. The servants, won by the sweetness and humanity with which Emmeline treated them, all seemed to consider her health and happiness as their own concern; and the girl who delivered this intelligence to Delamere, had been very much about her, and knowing her better, loved her more than the others.

Delamere could not doubt the truth of this account; yet he could not conjecture who the stranger could be, in whose power it was thus to distress Emmeline. But dreading lest some scheme was in agitation to take her from him, he sat in insupportable anxiety 'till she should summons the maid.

Her

Her music book lay open on a *piano forte* in the breakfast parlour. A song which he had a few days before desired her to learn, as being one which particularly charmed him, seemed to have been just copied into it, and he fancied the notes and the writing were executed with more than her usual elegance. Under it was a little *porte feuille* of red morocco. Delamere took it up. It was untied; and two or three small tinted drawings fell out. He saw the likeness of Mrs. Stafford, done from memory; one yet more striking of his sister Augusta: and two or three unfinished resemblances of persons he did not know, touched with less spirit than the other two. A piece of silver paper doubled together enclosed another; he opened it—it was a drawing of himself, done with a pencil, and slightly tinged with a crayon; strikingly like; but it seemed unfinished, and somewhat effaced.

Though among so many other portraits, this could not be considered as a very flattering distinction, Delamere, on seeing it,
 was

was not master of his transports. He now believed Emmeline (whom he could never induce to own that her partiality for him exceeded the bounds of friendship) yet cherished in her heart a passion she would not avow.

While he was indulging these sanguine and delicious hopes, he heard a bell ring, and flew to enquire if it was that of Emmeline?

The maid, who crossed the hall to attend it's summons, told him it was. He stepped softly up stairs behind the servant, and waited at the door of the chamber while she went in.

To the question, from the maid, "how she did?" Emmeline answered, "much better."

"Mr. Delamere is here, Madam, and begs to know whether he may see you?"

Emmeline had expected him all the day before, and was not at all surprised at his coming now. But she knew not what she should say to him. To dissimulate was to her almost impossible; yet to tell him what had passed

passed between her and Sir Richard Crofts was to create dissensions of the most alarming nature between him and his father; for she knew Delamere would immediately and warmly resent the harshness of Lord Montreville.

She could not however determine to avoid seeing Delamere; and she thought his Lordship was not entitled to much consideration, after the indelicate and needless shock he had given her, by employing the peremptory, insolent, and unfeeling Sir Richard Crofts.

After a moment's hesitation, she told Nanny to let Mr. Delamere know that as soon as she was dressed she would be with him in the parlour.

Delamere, who heard the message, stepped softly down stairs, replaced the drawings, and waited the entrance of Emeline; who neither requiring or accustomed herself to borrow any advantage from art or ornament, was soon dressed in her usual simple undress.

But to give some appearance of truth to
what

what she intended to alledge, a cold, in excuse for her swollen eyes and languid looks, she wrapt a gauze hood over her head, and tied a black ribband round her throat; for tho' she could not wholly conceal the truth from Delamere, she wished to prevent his seeing how much it had affected her.

When she entered the room, Delamere, who was at the door to meet her, was astonished at the alteration he saw in her countenance.

"You are ill, Emmeline?" said he, taking her hand.

"I am not quite well—I have a violent cold coming,"

"A cold?" eagerly answered Delamere, "you have been crying—who was the person who called on you yesterday?"

It was now in vain to attempt concealment if she had intended it.

"He did not tell me his name, for our conversation was very short; but his servants told those of Mrs. Ashwood that his name is Sir Richard Crofts."

"And

“ And what business could Sir Richard Crofts possibly have with you?”

Emmeline related the conversation with great fidelity and without comment.

Delamere had hardly patience to hear her out. He protested he would immediately go to Sir Richard Crofts, and not only force him to apologize for what had passed, but promise never again to interfere between Lord Montreville and his family.

From executing this violent measure, Emmeline by earnest entreaty diverted him. She had not yet recovered the shock given her by the unwelcome interview of the preceding day; and though she had a very excellent constitution, her sensibility of mind was so great, that when she suffered any poignant uneasiness, it immediately affected her frame. In the present state of her spirits, she could not hear Delamere's vehement and passionate exclamations without tears; and when he saw how much she was hurt, he commanded himself; spoke more calmly; and by a rapid transition
from

from rage to tenderness, he wept also, and bathed her hands with his tears.

He was not without hopes that this last effort of Lord Montreville would effect a change in his favour; and he pleaded again for an elopement with the warmest eloquence of love.

But Emmeline, though she felt all the force of his arguments, had still the courage to resist them; and all he could obtain from her was a renewal of her former promise, neither to leave Mrs. Ashwood unknown to him or to conceal the place of her residence; to consent to see him wherever she should be, and positively to reject Mr. Rochely's offer.

In return, she expected from Delamere some concessions which nothing but the sight of her uneasiness would have induced him to grant. At length she persuaded him to promise that he would not insult Sir Richard Crofts, or commit any other rashness which might irritate Lord Montreville.

Nothing was a stronger proof of the deep
root

root which his passion had taken in his heart, than the influence Emmeline had obtained over his ungovernable and violent spirit, hitherto unused to controul, and accustomed from his infancy to exert over his own family the most boundless despotism.

Emmeline, tranquillized and consoled by his promises, then entreated him to go; as the state of Mrs. Ashwood's family made visitors improper. In this, too, he obeyed her. And as soon as he was gone, Emmeline sat down to write to Mrs. Stafford, related briefly what had lately happened, and told her, that as soon as Lord Montreville could be induced to settle some yearly sum for her support, (which notwithstanding his threats she still thought he would do, on condition of her engaging never, without his consent, to marry Delamere,) she would set out for Woodfield.

Lord Montreville, absorbed in politics and in a negociation with ministry, had, on the evening when he and his son were at Lord Dornock's, forgotten the impatient temper and particular situation of Delamere.

His non appearance at supper occasioned an enquiry, and it was found he had left the house. It was too late for Lord Montreville to follow him that night, and would, indeed, have been useless; but early the next morning he was in Berkley-square, where he heard nothing of his son.

He received a letter from Sir Richard Crofts, relating the ill success of his embassy; but adding, that he would bring Rochley to his Lordship the next day, to consider together what was next to be done. A letter also soon after arrived from Lady Montreville, to let his Lordship know that herself and her daughter, with Lady Mary and Miss Otley, were coming to town the next evening.

Delamere, the tumult of whose spirits was too great immediately to subside, took, for the first time in his life, some pains to conquer their violence, in consideration of Emmeline.

He sent his servants to Berkley-square, to enquire among the domestics what had passed. He thence learned that his father had

had returned in the morning from Lord Dornock's in very ill humour, and that his mother was expected in town. An interview with either, would, he was conscious, only be the occasion of that dissention he had promised Emmeline to avoid. His mother, he knew, came to town determined to keep no terms with him; and that she would incessantly harass him with reproaches, or tease him with entreaties. He therefore determined to avoid entirely all conversation with both; and after a short reflection on the best means to do so, he ordered Millefleur to discharge the lodgings; told him and his other two servants that he was going out of town, and should not take either them or his horses; therefore would have them go to Berkley-square, and wait there his return. He bade his valet tell Lord Montreville that he should be absent ten days or a fortnight. Then ordering an hackney coach, he directed it to drive to Westminster Bridge, as if he meant there to take post: instead of which he dismissed it at the end of Bridge street; and

and walking over to the Surry side, he presently provided himself with lodgings under the name of Mr. Oswald, a gentleman just come from Ireland; and all traces of Mr. Delamere were lost.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



